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HAREM-LIFE IN THE EAST.

I.

NEARLY one hundred and fifty years ago, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu rendered herself famous in the courtly circles of Europe by her sprightly sketches of experiences in the harems of the

kopek, a "dog" of an Englishwoman, a howadj, an unbeliever, a pariah whom Moslems despise and spit at.

It remained for a humble governess, five years ago, in the pursuit



A HAREM MUSICAL PARTY.

Blue-beards of the ancient Byzantium. But the lady, as she in state swept through the noble saloons of the Sultan's palaces, found all she saw swept and garnished for her reception—the interior, the inner life of the harems, were to her a sealed-up world—she was not, with all her power, her beauty, and her accomplishments, allowed to pollute the sacred interior precincts of these "Castles of Indolence." In the true estimation of the Grand Turk she was, at best, but a

of attempting to educate an Eastern infantile prince, to follow his footsteps into the very heart of the harem, and be thus enabled, for the first time in the world's history, not only to give us the key to the civilization of all Mohammedan countries, but also to expose some of the evils connected with slavery and polygamy, institutions which so necessarily depend upon each other for support.

The subject is one of more than sentimental interest. It is of prac-

tical importance, just now, to compare woman's position in our own country, where her influence is all-powerful, with nationalities where women have professedly no recognized existence. In the exposures of the simple English governess, we are in a slight degree made to comprehend the abominations of a plurality of wives, and the degradation of races of people who have no domestic fireside.

The lady to whom we are indebted for these valuable confessions, by some arrangement she has not explained, was employed, some five years ago, by the present Viceroy of Egypt, to take charge of his only son, an infant child, rejoicing in the title of the Grand Pacha of Egypt. She seems to have appreciated the importance of her position, for she made it a matter of business to daily record what she saw, in her well-kept journal. It is from the pages of this "living witness," which she has published to the world, that we gather our impressions of harem-life, and learn something of modern Egypt, which under its present ruler seems destined to lay a foundation of wealth and greatness that will eventually rival the days of its splendor under the Pharaohs.

Arriving in a British steamer at Alexandria, with some little difficulty she found the railway station, and secured a seat in the proper car for Cairo. *En route*, she made the acquaintance of a Greek merchant, who was on his way "up the Nile" to purchase cotton, the rebellion in America at that time having made the article of incalculable value. The gentleman courteously inquired of Miss Lott her reason for going to Cairo, and she informed him, in all frankness, that it was as an employed instructor and teacher for the young son of Ismael Pacha; whereupon, after some general conversation, the gentleman proceeded to portray the difficulties attending her position.

He said: "The life in the harems of the Egyptian rulers has never been faithfully described, for the simple reason that no unbeliever has ever been domiciled therein. There is authority for believing that the harems, in times past, have been the very focus of low intrigue, the scenes of profligacy of the most abhorrent nature, and of crimes of the deepest dye; but, thanks to the enlightenment of the age, a most decided improvement has probably taken place. Several of the recent viceroys of Egypt finished their education in France. Solymán Pacha introduced great innovations into the domestic habits and customs of the harems. Mustapha Pacha, the heir-presumptive to the viceroyship, has an English nurse for his children, and treats her with every possible consideration. Old ideas are therefore giving way. So I would fain believe that you will not find your position so unbearable as you may sometimes suppose.

"At all events, you must keep yourself clear of the petty intrigues of the court cabals. Watch with a careful eye the manner in which his highness's wives behave toward you. Endeavor to gain their confidence, especially that of the mother of the young prince to be placed in your charge; but she is only the second wife, and is not "the lady paramount," for the first *épouse* claims that prerogative.

"I would, however, above all things, impress upon your mind the actual value all Turks, Egyptians, Levantines, and, with feelings akin to shame I affirm it, Europeans also, who have long been domiciliated in the Ottoman dominions, entertain for the fair sex. Women of every nation, and of all grades of society, are considered as the mere slaves of men's sensual gratification. Hence the reason they keep their wives, daughters, and concubines, caged in lattice-windowed houses, deprived of all social intercourse with the outer world, and treated as abject slaves." This most unhappy but truthful picture of Oriental social life Miss Lott subsequently found most thoroughly illustrated.

After weeks of unaccountable delay, she was finally instructed that the young prince would be placed entirely in her charge; that she was never to lose sight of him, for apprehensions were felt that attempts would be made to poison the boy—so that he was never to be left alone, or partake of any food which had not been previously tasted of by the viceregal doctor.

At last, an elegant brougham came to her hotel in Cairo, in which, having placed herself, she proceeded along an excellent road to the banks of the Nile opposite Ghezeh. There she alighted, and was handed into one of the viceregal barges, in the stern of which was a small cabin, containing a divan covered with red-and-white damask. It was propelled by twelve Arab boatmen wearing turbans, over whom floated the crescent-bearing standard. In ten minutes she reached the marble steps that led into the harem. The building was a large pile, composed of five blocks. Proceeding to the one facing the Nile, she passed through a small door, the hinges of which grated

unpleasantly on her ears. This door opened into a vast courtyard, which seemed to be used as a depository of European goods. Here she was received by two young eunuchs attired in a light-drab uniform, embroidered with silk of the same color. They salaamed her most respectfully in the Oriental manner, by putting their fingers to their lips, then to their hearts, and finished by touching their foreheads.

By these persons she was ushered through a door, the portals of which were guarded by a group of eunuchs similarly attired, but more elaborately embroidered. Their features were hideous and ferocious, their figures corpulent, and their carriage haughty.

Proceeding along, she entered, through a marble passage-way, a large stone hall, the ceiling supported by huge granite pillars, which hall led to the grand staircase, where she was received by the chief eunuch, who is called "the captain of the girls," and sometimes "the guardian of the mansions of bliss." This giant spectre of a man was upward of six feet high, a pleasing and noble-looking personage. He advanced toward her, made his formal salaam, and ushered her, the *hated*, despised Giaour, into the noble marble halls of the harem, which were then for the first time polluted by an unbeliever. The scene was so peculiar, that she involuntarily paused to contemplate it. The room was of vast dimensions, supported by porphyry pillars; the marble floor was covered with fine matting. Here she was formally handed over to the lady superintendent of the slaves, who was attired in a colored muslin dress and trousers, over which she wore a quilted lavender-colored satin paletot. Her head was covered with a small blue gauze handkerchief, which held a dark-red rose suspended over her forehead. She wore a beautiful large spray of diamonds, arranged in the form of the flower "forget-me-not," which hung down like tendrils below the ear on the left side. Large diamond drops were suspended from her ears, and her fingers were covered with numerous rings, the most brilliant of which were a large rose-pink diamond, and a beautiful sapphire. Her name was Aniria; she was twenty-four years of age, and had been an *ikbal*, or favorite of the viceroy. She was surrounded by a crowd of slaves. This important personage, as she then appeared to the eyes of the governess, took Miss Lott by the hand and led her up two flights of stairs covered with thick Brussels carpet, of the most costly description and soft brilliant colors. The two then passed a suite of several rooms, the floors of which were lined with divans; covered some with white and some with crimson satin. Over the doorways hung wide satin damask curtains, looped up with heavy silk cords, and tassels to correspond, with richly-gilded cornices on each, and the windows which overlooked the Nile had Venetian shutters outside. Passing through a series of rooms, all of which were magnificently-furnished apartments, she was at last ushered into a small room, where on the divan, so called from the Persian word "fairy gem," sat the princess, the second wife of Ismael Pacha, and the mother of the young prince that was to be Miss Lott's charge.

The princess was very small, a handsome blonde, with fine blue eyes, short nose, rather large mouth, a fine set of teeth, expressive countenance, but with a somewhat sharp and disagreeable voice; her hair was cut in the Savoyard fashion, with two long plaits behind, which were turned round over the small brown gauze handkerchief she wore round her head, in which were placed, like a band, seven large diamond flies.

She was attired in a dirty-white crumpled muslin dress and trousers, and sat *à la Turque*, doubled up like a clasp-knife, smoking a cigarette. Her waist was encircled by a white gauze handkerchief, having the four corners embroidered with gold thread; it was fastened so as to leave two ends hanging down like the lapet of a riding-habit; her stockingless feet were encased in slippers without heels.

At her side sat Ibrahim Pacha, her son, the intended pupil of Miss Lott. He was dressed in the uniform of an officer of the Egyptian infantry. On his head he wore the fez; across his shoulder hung a silver-gilt chain, from which was suspended a small silver square box, beautifully chased with cabalistic figures of men and beasts, enclosed inside of which was another box of cypress-wood, containing verses of the Koran. The boy was about five years old, of dark complexion, short Arab nose, rather tall of his age, and looked the very picture of a happy, round-faced cherub. When Miss Lott approached toward him, he set up a hideous shriek, and buried his black head in his mother's lap who laughed most heartily

at the strange reception his highness had thought proper to bestow upon his future governess.

In front of the divan, behind, and on each side, stood a bevy of ladies, among whom it was impossible to discover a single trace of loveliness. They were hideous, hag-like wretches, which is not to be wondered at, as some of them were favorites of Ibrahim Pacha, the grandfather of the young prince. It is their fate to remain ever imprisoned within the walls of the harem—a right that has descended to them from the primeval days—the days of the Patriarch Abraham.

The princess-mother kept Miss Lott standing in her presence a considerable time, with her eyes steadily fixed upon her; she then smiled, as if her study was satisfactory, and the governess, after a further fatiguing march through splendidly-furnished rooms, composing the princesses' suit of apartments, at last reached a small, inconvenient bedroom, which was assigned as her apartment—the furniture of which consisted of a plain, green-painted bedstead, the bars of which had never been fastened. There were neither bolsters, pillows, nor any bed-linen; but, as substitutes, were placed three thin, flat cushions, and a blanket and two old, worn-out coverlets lay upon the bed. Not a sign of a dressing-table or a chair of any description, and a total absence of all the appendages necessary for a lady's bedroom. She gazed at this poverty-stricken room with surprise, yet became reconciled when she reflected that every room she saw was totally destitute of every thing which, according to European ideas of comfort, ought to have been placed therein.

The governess, once fairly installed, seemed to be very conscientious in her desire to properly train up the possibly future ruler of Egypt; but it was impossible to establish any system. The mother of the boy was perfectly ignorant of all European ways of training children, and through the grand-eunuch issued her orders with an irregularity and capriciousness that characterized what was eventually discovered to be the domestic arrangements of the harem. Sometimes she was ordered to take out the young prince at six o'clock in the morning; on other occasions, at eight or nine o'clock. When the boy was in the gardens, it was exceedingly difficult to get him to return to the house. His will was always law; no matter how unreasonable were his whims, be they what they might, he must be indulged in them. Among other things, the governess drew up a scheme for her pupil's education; but the viceroy said he did not want the boy taught from books or toys, as he would pick up English quickly enough by being constantly in the company of his instructress. So all idea of any systematic training was abandoned, and she insensibly became a sort of superior guardian, her only real duty being to amuse and entertain her pupil, and, her intellectual entertainment, observing the world about her, and carefully noting what she saw in her journal.

Our governess was favorably situated to gain information; so long as she was in company with "the spoiled child," she had access to every room in the viceregal palaces not especially set apart for private purposes. Her descriptions of what she saw in the way of architecture and furniture suggest a magnificent profuseness, developed by the mingling of modern styles with barbaric splendor. The details of a single room will give an idea of the whole. The floor was covered with crimson-and-black carpet; the walls and ceilings similar to those of the drawing-room, having likewise silver candelabras fixed to the walls, and a most magnificent gilt chandelier hanging from the centre of the ceiling. The chairs and divans were of rosewood, covered with crimson satin. The hangings of the doors were of the same rich material, looped up with heavy silk cords and tassels of the same color. It was furnished with handsome ebony cabinets, inlaid with precious stones, in which stood gilt cases of stuffed birds, the choicest selection that Egyptian, Indian, and American ornithology could supply.

In the corners of this apartment were several stuffed animals with glass eyes, which were made to move by means of ingenious mechanism. In the front of the fireplace crouched a full-sized stuffed tiger. At the other end of the room was a stuffed polar bear. A small but beautifully-marked tiger-cat lay crouching at its side; and close by was a fine group of cranes. These animals could all be made to affect the natural motions of life; while their artificial powers of articulation were so perfect, that each could speak—the arrangement was the literal representation of a den of wild beasts.

Miss Lott, like a sensible woman, as her book shows her to be, quietly accepted the circumstances which surrounded her, and endeavored to perform such duties as were imposed upon her with willingness and good grace. The morning opened with a ceremonious visit.

Her pupil, having been carefully dressed, in charge of his governess, and in accordance with established custom, proceeded to pay his respects to his father's three wives, who received him in their bed-chambers. Ibrahim first walked into the apartments of her highness the first wife, "the lady paramount," who takes precedence of all, and without whose orders none of the other wives can interfere in the general internal arrangements of the harem, save and except in their own apartments, and over their own slaves and families, with whom they act as they please. The name of this first wife was Ipsah; she was tall, stout, with a pleasing mouth, a sinister expression of countenance, and large blue eyes. She was possessed of a violent temper; cruelty seemed to be marked in every lineament of her features. At the moment Ibrahim entered, she was dressing her hair. One slave held a looking-glass, another a toilet-tray with its appendages, and a third stood by to hand her highness whatever else she might require. She sat on a cotton-covered divan, attired in a dirty, crumpled muslin wrapper, which had served as her night-habillment. Her feet were uncovered, and hung down from the divan. The prince drew near to her, took hold of her right hand, which was jewelless, pressed it to his lips and forehead, bowed lowly, and then left the room.

On reaching the chamber of the princess, his own mother, the child mounted the divan, saluted her as he had done the first wife, and then insisted upon having a cup of coffee. As soon as he had partaken of it, he asked his mother to give him some money, whereupon she handed to him a large packet of silver piastres. His mother then took him on her lap, spoke to him in Turkish, and asked him to go and fetch her a cigarette.

The prince, with the same ceremonies, next visited the third wife, who is childless, but who has adopted a slave as a daughter, whom the little prince had purchased for her as a present on a recent visit to Constantinople.

The governess and Ibrahim then proceeded to the gardens, where he espied one of the Arab attendants, whom he requested to make him a bouquet. Three of the under-gardeners rushed to fulfil the order; but, as they were dilatory, according to his notions, he became exasperated with rage. He threw the bouquets on the ground, stamped them under his feet, and ordered the eunuchs present to cut sticks from the trees, to seize the Arabs, and severely whip them. This unnecessary chastisement was continued a long time; but, as the young prince made no signal for its discontinuance, the governess remonstrated, and at last the young tyrant exclaimed, "Enough! enough!"

This incident gave an insight into the prince's character, which is evidently as cruel, overbearing, and brutal, as that of his grandfather, Ibrahim Pacha, whose private life was disgraced by the most barbarous pastimes; while it was evident that the young Ibrahim, from the alarm he always displayed at the sight of the stuffed animals we have described, does not inherit the courage which distinguished his grandfather.

In the mean time the viceroy's three wives had completed their toilets, being attired in new muslin dresses, and very full trousers of the same material, with quilted satin jackets of gaudy colors. Thus decorated, they had met in the noble audience-hall, and arranged themselves in a picturesque manner on a large divan. Presently, a gentleman of medium size, attired in a dressing-gown and slippers, entered the room, holding in his hand a pocket-handkerchief of such enormous size that it looked like a towel. The three wives instantly rose on this man's appearance, formed around him, and made a low bow. He replied to their attention by a smile, then patted young Ibrahim on the cheek, and passed on without uttering a syllable. It was his highness Ismael Pacha, the viceroy, who the governess, not then being acquainted with his person, supposed was the official barber.

The little prince then took breakfast, and, while engaged in this usually mollifying entertainment, he became offended at one of his half-sisters, his father's daughter by a slave. He seized hold of both arms of this child, pinched them most violently, then bit her flesh like a tiger until he drew blood, and ended the disgusting exhibition by putting his fingers into the poor creature's mouth, and lacerating both sides until the blood ran down her chin like water. The governess, overcome with indignation, scolded the child for his brutality, when the young tyrant burst into tears, and walked into another apartment.

Scarcely had the prince proceeded a few paces, when he was met by his mother, who inquired the cause of his grief. The facts were



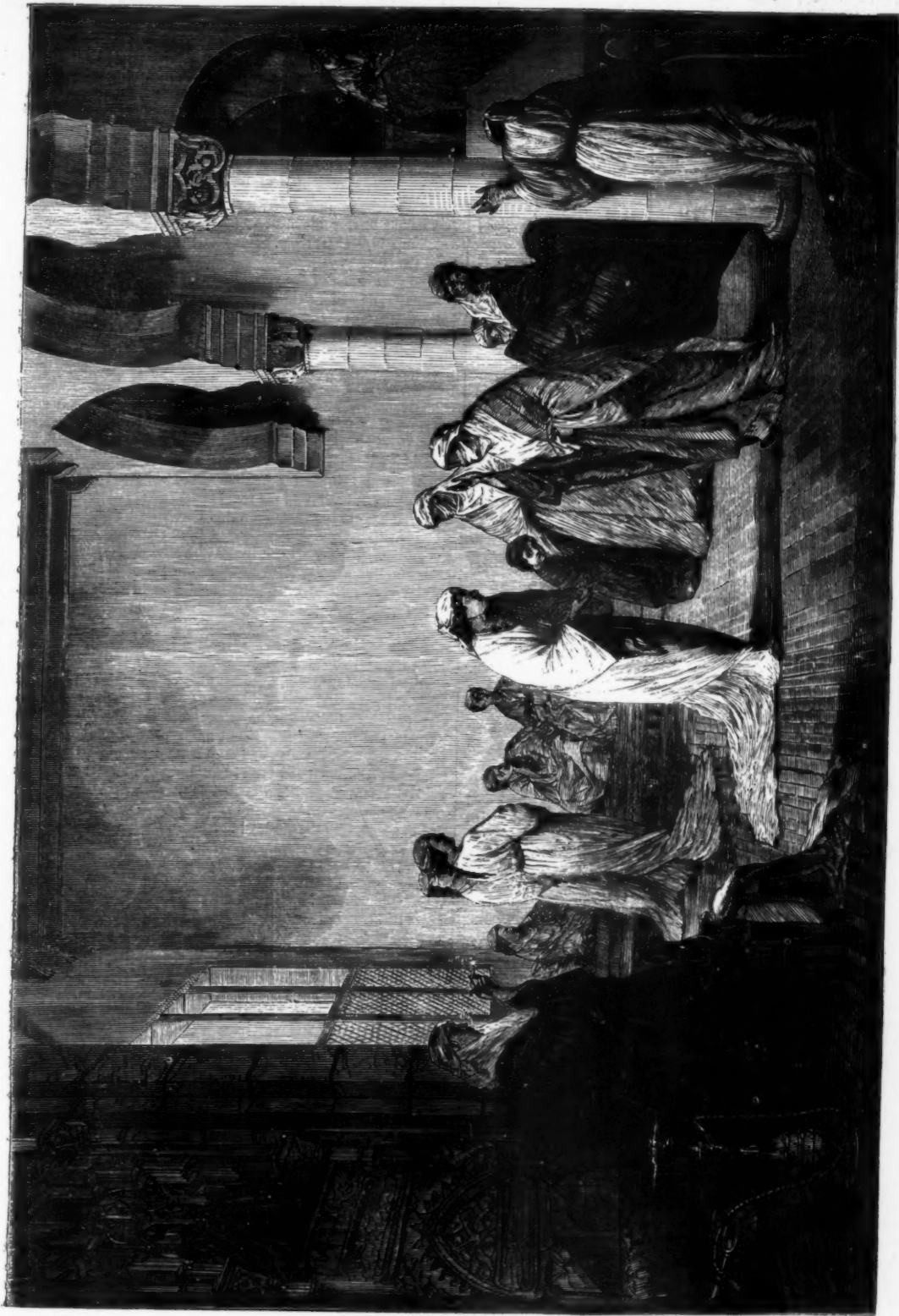
INTERIOR OF A HAREM.

explained to her by the governess, whereupon the indignant mother made the poor little slave, who had been so barbarously treated by her son, first kiss the skirts of his coat, then the carpet near his feet. The governess pointed out to the mother that the slave was not to blame. The princess exclaimed, "It is no matter!" and the child was pacified.

As a sequel to this adventure, while the governess was sipping her coffee after dinner, one of the slaves appointed to wait on her let the china vase containing the sherbet fall, and broke it in pieces. It was immediately replaced by another, handed by an older slave. Upon subsequently inquiring what had become of this delinquent, the head-

woman stated that the child alluded to would not be seen for some days, as she had just undergone the allotted punishment inflicted upon slaves who break any thing. The poor creature had actually been seared on her arms with a red-hot iron. And, on further examination, it was discovered that all the humble attendants of the "Abode of Bliss" were more or less disfigured by this brutal treatment—the viceregal brand being three marks, which distinguishes it from that of private individuals, who are only allowed to mark their property with two.

The softer qualities of the place sometimes developed themselves in the amusements of the feminine occupants. To gratify these "fa-



A VISIT TO A HAREM

avorites," one evening, the governess was instructed to bring her European wardrobe into the grand audience-chamber, where the princesses amused themselves with examining the different articles which composed it, and they were filled with admiration as the governess, by request, put on her bonnet, and wore it up and down the room, that its effect and beauty might be fully appreciated.

A most erroneous impression has been drawn by authors as to the manner in which the inmates of the harem pass their social life. It is certainly true that the greater portion of the day is spent in doubling themselves up on divans, not attired in costly silks of China looms, nor bedizened with gems of Golconda's mines—on the contrary, the Peris within the viceregal "Castle of Indolence" generally wore dirty, filthy, crumpled muslin dresses, just as one might imagine the greatest slatterns in the back slums of St. Giles would be seen walking about in, when all their finery had been pledged.

It is almost impossible to imagine the celerity with which their highnesses the princesses, the whole of the ladies of the harem, and the slaves, even down to the lowest scullery-girl, effect their transformation from slatterns to "Peris of the East," when the substitutes for the telegraphic wires—the eunuchs—announce the approach of Ismael Pacha. It seemed as if Harlequin touched all with his galvanic battery; for, in a twinkling of an eye, their dirty, soiled, crumpled muslins, their Monmouth-Street and Petticoat-Lane finery, were exchanged for gorgeous silks and glittering diamonds.

The transformation was not made, however, by a total change of garments, but by placing their attractive habiliments over their soiled toggery. Miss Lott had the pleasure of once witnessing this scene, on the occasion of the viceroy unexpectedly informing his wives and retainers that he intended to pay them a visit; for, according to Turkish etiquette, he was obliged to give them timely notice, lest his wives might have female acquaintances, whom he could not by any possibility meet, even in the protection of his own house.

The morning toilet of these imprisoned beauties unfolds the fact that the entire inner life of the harem is just what might be expected of a system that sustains such social abuses. It begins by the slaves bringing into the Grand Pacha's room, for the benefit of the princesses, several small silver pans, not deeper than soup-plates, but considerably wider, also several small pieces of rag and balls of soap. Their highnesses then squatted themselves upon the floor, and tucked up their trousers (the governess and the head-eunuch being present) and began to wash their own feet, as they will not allow, under any circumstances whatever, a slave to touch them. After which, silver ewers and basins, similar in shape and size to those already described, were brought in by the slaves. The princesses then washed their faces with pieces of rag which they had previously soaped. The slaves then held basins before each of the ladies, while others poured water upon their hands.

They only comb their hair (which is full of vermin) once a week, on Thursdays, the eve of their sabbath, when it is well done with a small-tooth comb, with the usual sanguinary results. The hair is afterward well brushed, and softened with perfumed water. Their highnesses never wear stockings in the morning, nor do they change any of their attire worn through the night, until the afternoon.

The ladies of the harem find consolation, in their sad imprisonment, in the free use of narcotics. In the course of time, they become confirmed opium-smokers, which produces an intoxication less brutal than that of drunkenness, yet of a much more harmful nature.

Oftimes, when the princesses had been indulging to excess in this habit, their countenances would assume the most hideous aspects; their eyes glared; their brows were knit closely together—no one dared to approach them. In fact, they had all the appearance of mad women, while at other times they were gay and cheerful. In short, the disposition depended upon the character of their inspiration under the effects of the poison. The *siesta* followed, the slaves the while hiding themselves in the most out-of-the-way places imaginable. At six o'clock p. m., supper is served in silver dishes, and consisting largely of green vegetables, which the "houris" are represented as eating as do the beasts of the field. Dominoes then follow, with stories made up of lasciviousness, and thus ends the day.

Occasionally "the lady paramount," the first wife of the viceroy, who really has entire charge of the household, would assume the superintendence of the laundry. The stone hall in the basement of the Grand Pacha's Ibrahim's apartment was selected. On the floor a

square piece of matting was laid down, and a calico covering as large as two ordinary quilts was placed over it. Kneeling down, some eight or more slaves, each armed with two rolling-pins, would vehemently pound the clothing that had been previously dampened with water.

"The lady paramount," on these occasions, was both shoeless and stockingless, but with her feet encased in a pair of wooden clogs, the inside of which was lined with red velvet, the ties of the same material; her hair hanging loosely about, the ends tucked under the handkerchief round her head, and the sleeves of her dirty cotton wrapper turned up to the shoulders, and there tied. Thus appeared, in her domestic circle, her highness, the first wife of Ismael Pacha, the richest prince in the universe, save his imperial majesty, the Emperor of all the Russias. In this room, and thus employed, she remained all day, merely leaving the field of her labor to partake of her meals, or indulge in a short *siesta*. None of the other princesses ever entered the laundry.

The description of the viceregal bedchamber certainly suggests a luxury of style and a richness of adornment that have no parallel in any similar room that we know of. The carpet was of black ground, thickly studded with bouquets of variegated flowers of every variety of hue. The walls of the room were covered with crimson paper, embossed with golden crescents. The ceiling was beautifully painted, by the best European artists, with Turkish and Egyptian landscapes. The chimney-piece was of white marble, and the elegant bronze stove, in the form of a kiosk, contrasted with the splendid white marble upon which it rested. The gilt-iron bedstead was surmounted with golden knobs. The mosquito-curtains were of fine crimson silk gauze, bespangled with gold-crescents. The wash-hand stand was of pure marble, with ewer, basin, and the usual appendages, of beautifully-painted Sévres china, the bouquets on which were artistically executed to exactly match the splendid carpet. A large pier-glass hung down from the ceiling. The divan was covered with crimson silk, bespangled with golden crescents. The table on which was placed his highness's toilet requisites, was all of solid gold, inlaid with precious stones, resting upon a golden-spangled covering of crimson silk.

The ebony-wood cabinet was inlaid with gold and costly jewels, on each side of which stood two silver-branched candelabras, holding a dozen transparent wax-candles, in the centre of which was placed the viceroy's jewelled casket, a perfect gem of the same material, richly inlaid. By the mild light of these wax-candles, this room, with its dark carpet strewn with flowers, its crimson curtains, its ebony furniture, its gold and jewelled ornaments, must present to the eye a scene of unearthly enchantment, and most certainly indicates a degree of misplaced refinement and taste in furniture and tapestry, and a criminal lavishness of wealth, that find no parallel, possibly, out of modern Egypt.

As a rule, with the closing-in of night, the harem was silent; but, on one occasion, the governess, while engaged in making up her journal, was surprised at hearing some disturbing sounds within the "sacred enclosure." The night was exquisitely beautiful, which finally tempted her to open the casement of her window, when she found her ears filled with the sounds of beaten muffled drums, which suggested to her imagination the "Dead March in Saul," as played at a soldier's funeral. Leaning out of the window, she beheld moving in the direction of the viceregal apartments, a female figure, enveloped in a shawl. She was preceded by two eunuchs, and followed by a number of boys, beating the muffled drums that first attracted Miss Lott's attention. The governess looked with astonishment at this midnight march, but another glance explained the mystery, for there were seen flashing lights from the magnificent room and vast halls of the viceroy's headquarters. A "favorite" had been honored with an invitation to pass the night in the far-famed "guest-chamber" of the costly pavilion.

THE CONQUERING CARESS.

BY ANNIE THOMAS, AUTHOR OF "FALSE COLORS," "DENIS DORSE," ETC.

THERE was a strong element of constraint, not to say discomfort, in the air of the group around Mr. Mallory's breakfast-table one morning in July. At it, as a guest for the first time, appeared a young lady who was destined to preside over it soon, and wrath reigned in the heart of one of Mr. Mallory's grown-up children against her.

Mr. Mallory was a widower of some ten years' standing—a fine, handsome man of "forty-eight or thereabouts," as people who did not like to call him fifty, in case they might be supposed to be older, phrased it. His eldest daughter, Margaret, was fine and handsome too, a girl of twenty, with a mind and manner rather older than her years, in consequence of the responsibilities that had been forced upon her in the matter of the management of her father's household.

That household consisted of Mr. Mallory himself, three daughters, and, at odd intervals, a son who was reading for the bar, and so was absent in London nearly all the year round. This son, Ernest, was four years older than his sister Margaret, but, for all the advantages of seniority being on his side, he was very much given to deferring to her, and abiding by her judgment. It was, therefore, the more extraordinary now that he should resolutely set himself in opposition to her expressed belief that "Papa was going to do a wise thing in marrying again."

Papa's intention of so doing had fallen upon his three daughters like a thunder-bolt, notwithstanding their full knowledge of some of his proclivities. That he had flirted with many a girl within an inch of matrimony they were well aware; but hitherto he had always paused on the brink, looked over the precipice, and then decided not to leap. Now, however, he was fairly caught—fairly committed to take the fatal step—fairly pledged before the world to lead pretty Blanche Romney to the altar.

Blanche Romney had been a school-girl friend of his eldest daughter's, and Mr. Mallory had frequently heard her praises chanted by Maggie; but, when Blanche dawned upon him in the flesh, long after those school-days were over, he was fain to confess that the praises had been very poorly sung, and that the charms they affected to extol had been undervalued by them. Blanche was one of those women to whom no woman's tribute can do justice. Margaret had called her friend "pretty" and "fascinating," and these words had utterly failed to convey any adequate idea of the glory of her beauty, and the subtlety of her charms.

The reunion of the old school-friends took place in this wise: Mr. and Miss Mallory chanced to be on a visit to some friends in a country house, when Blanche came to stay at an adjoining rectory. It was in the early July days that these visits were paid, and, thanks to the facilities the country afforded, events marched quickly. July had not passed away, when Miss Romney was sitting at Mr. Mallory's breakfast-table as his affianced wife.

I used the term, "the glory of her beauty," just now, and I used it advisedly. She was a very glorious beauty, a richly-hued brunette, with great masses of golden-flecked brown hair, and large, almond-shaped violet eyes. She had a good figure, too, and a stately carriage, and a manner that was very charming in its variableness, for it could be very imperious or very submissive, just as the humor seized her.

She had found it dull, terribly dull in that country rectory, if the truth must be told, and Mr. Mallory had been, so to say, seized by her as a diversion. She had been so glad of him in her dullness, that the handsome widower, practised flirt as he was, had rather lost his head, and, when he gained it again, he found that his heart was gone.

His circumstances backed up his pretensions to the hand of the young beauty. His daughters were portioned from their mother's fortune; his only son was provided for by an old uncle of his mother's, and he himself had about two thousand a year. This on his side. On her side, there were even more powerful inducements for her to marry him. She was an orphan, without a penny of her own, dependent on an aunt who was gifted with a capricious nature, and she herself was endowed with a great love of luxury, and a craving for freedom. She balanced his age against her youth for a day or two, and then she accepted him.

Margaret and the two younger girls were unfeignedly pleased at the prospect, when it was first opened to them. Their father seemed a far older man to them naturally than he did to Blanche, and they were well inclined to credit her with any amount of noble sentiment in having overlooked the discrepancy. "I shall write and ask her to come here and stay at once, papa," Maggie said, enthusiastically, when her father, on their return home, told her of the step he had taken. "I shall make the house and every thing so delightful that she won't hesitate to marry you at once; and I shall write and tell Ernest by to-day's post—may I?"

Mr. Mallory assented to both these propositions, with an affable recognition of his daughter's extreme amiability that was very touch-

ing in so prosperous a lover. "It may be that I am a foolish old man to seek for other love than my children's, at my time of life," he said; But his children—that is to say, his daughters—chorused their dissent from this sentiment so warmly, that he felt himself to be young and debonaire, in spite of his modesty on the subject.

Miss Romney was invited, and Miss Romney accepted the invitation, and came as a guest to the home of which she was soon to be the mistress. The Oaks, Mr. Mallory's place, was in one of those fair, showy plains that look so pretty from the Richmond Hills, and that are so agreeably accessible from London. Blanche was very well pleased with the aspect of all things, as she drove through a handsome iron gate, guarded by a pair of griffins, and along a nicely-kept drive, that was made to sweep so very much that no one could have believed, in going along it for the first time, that the hall door was only twenty yards from the road. The servants took the initiative from their young mistresses, and smirked ingratiatingly upon the incoming power. Mr. Mallory looked more portly and imposing than ever, as he stood welcoming to his home the queen of his heart; and the girls were as full of admiration for her as the most exigent of step-mothers could have desired.

"Ernest is coming down to be introduced to you to-night, dear," Maggie said, exultantly, when she had carried her guest up-stairs to prepare for the eight-o'clock dinner. Miss Romney started a little, and said, hurriedly:

"Your brother coming to-night to be introduced to me? Impossible, Maggie!"

"Why impossible?" Maggie said, gayly; "natural, not to say extremely probable, I should say, that my brother should wish to be introduced to you as soon as he may be."

"You see it was discomposing to hear that I should so soon have to face a grown-up son," Blanche explained, hurriedly. "I'll dress now, dear, and—if you'll excuse my saying so—I always dress better alone."

Accordingly, Miss Romney dressed alone, and the result of that solitude on her toilet was perfection. Nevertheless, perfection brought her no peace, for she was now distraught in the matter of that grown-up son of hers, to whom she had declared that it would be a disconcerting thing to be introduced.

Disconcerting enough, to judge from the expression of her face when he was led up to her by his sister Margaret. "This is Ernest," his sister said, "and, Ernest, *this* is our future mother: what are you going to say to each other?"

"I am going to say that I am very glad to see you," Miss Romney said, quietly, holding out her hand to the young man. But, though she spoke quietly, her face flushed and her eyes sparkled, as, in return to her remarks, he simply bowed over the hand she extended to him, and said—

"So I see you at last!"

"At last! Why, Ernest, how much sooner would you have seen her?" Maggie said, cheerfully; but Miss Romney found it hard to simulate a corresponding conventional cheerfulness, as she said:

"When I came here I had no idea of seeing you so soon, Mr. Mallory;" and his sisters standing near wondered why their father's future wife and their brother should have entered into these explanations.

As the teller of their story, I am privileged to look behind the scenes and say why it was so. Early in the spring of the previous year, Blanche Romney and Ernest Mallory had met, and, after a few meetings, had loved each other, and each had found the other out in the fact. They were not to blame in the matter; it was a very good, honest, true kind of affection that sprung up between them, but neither of them had happened to be born with the typical silver spoon in his or her mouth, and so friends intervened, and they were parted.

It was a very light thing to the intervening friends, this parting. But it was death and destruction to a vast deal that was very good in both of them.

"You may love and unlove and forget, dear,
Fashion and shatter the spell
Of how many loves in a life, dear,
Ere one learns to love once and love well."

But that unloving, after having truly and honestly loved, is a very, very hard thing. God help the women who are made to do it, because it is inexpedient that they should do so! I think every mother must pray that her daughter may never be put to so terrible a test, even

though she may win through it so many hundreds a year more when her agony is a thing of the past.

The estimable but rather niggardly aunt who doled out a scanty subsistence, which in its conditions robbed life of all its beauty, was the intervening power in Blanche Romney's case. She reminded the girl, with more forcibleness than forbearance, that young Mallory, though he was clever, could not place her well yet; that if they married, there would be many hard years of poverty and oblivion to struggle through; and that, when those years were past, so would be her bloom, her beauty, her fresh, young capability of enjoying all the charming things which now it was in her power to command.

Well, the advice was taken in a measure, and to a certain degree the intervening power found that her words had been very powerful—whether for good or for evil, could not be determined just yet. At any rate, Blanche and Ernest agreed to part, and to forget each other, if possible. It was wise, it was well, it was inevitable that they should part; therefore what matter as to its being wise or well? They could not help themselves, poor, young creatures, because Blanche deserved something better, her friends said, than to share a struggling man's caress. And, as the struggling man had not the power to take her then out from all those baser influences which weighted her, probably she did deserve something better, and so they were right.

Still, however right they had been, it was hard to meet him again—to meet him as the affianced of his father, and to be obliged, for honor's sake, to let him suppose that she had forgotten all about that tender, early-spring episode of last year. If she had only dared to be free, and to judge for herself last year, he would have married her without hesitation. She knew that, and it is an awkward thing to know that of a man when you meet him for the first time after having vowed yourself to another.

The dinner and the evening had gone off very well, but the breakfast the next morning was a terrible ordeal. "Old Mr. Mallory," as Blanche began to call him in her heart, would bestow endearing epithets upon her, and these revolted her, knowing as she did how they must stab the heart that had beaten in sympathetic response to hers one little year ago. Poor girl! she earned her coffee and her bread-and-butter by the sweat of her brow truly that morning; for the damp heat that is only caused by terror and vexation, rose to her forehead as she sat a smiling victim to the tributes that were paid to her perjury.

"One half-hour, my darling!" her elderly lover said, in a whisper, when she was trying to escape from the room after breakfast—"one half-hour; you will spare me that?"

"What do you want of me, Mr. Mallory?" she said, trying not to blush—trying to look up honestly—trying to face the situation, and make the best of it.

"What do I want, Blanche?" (All this said reproachfully, in an exquisitely-modulated voice.)

"Yes, what do you want?" the girl said, aloud, and almost crossly; "it seems to me that if you want me for half an hour it must be for something tedious and particular, and I thought Aunt Rivers would manage all that for me."

"My own!" (he whispered now, much to his daughter's amazement, his son's disgust, and the chagrin of the bride-elect)—"my own! what I have to say to you could never be conveyed to you through your aunt."

He took her hand as he spoke, and thus standing together, making "a sweet group," as Margaret said, his son Ernest, her old love, was forced to look upon her. Her heart throbbed pitifully, painfully, almost audibly, as she met his eyes. "Would I not marry him even now?" she questioned herself. But, before her poor, little, aching, traitorous heart could answer and speak through her eyes, Ernest had gone out of the room.

"You must not mind the abrupt manners of my son," Mr. Mallory said, apologetically, "you will soon get to know him better, and then you will like him better, I may venture to hope."

"Heaven forbid!" Blanche said, eagerly; and then Ernest's three sisters "oh'd" at her, and hoped she was not going to dislike "dear Ernest." To escape from them—from their loving, girlish, stabbing importunities—she went away to the private interview with Mr. Mallory.

Need it be told what she had to endure? She was his promised wife, and she had been presented to all his family as such. It was not too much for him to expect that he should be free to press her little

hands within his, and to touch her bright, pure, proud lips. It was not too much for him to expect this, but it was a great deal too much for her to grant. "I am not your wife yet," she said, passionately, standing away from him as he tried to caress her. "I came here to be reasonable."

"My beautiful, coy bird," he said, lovingly; and she detested being called a beautiful, coy bird by him.

"What do you want of me this morning, Mr. Mallory?" she said, fretfully, "the girls are waiting for me; you pretended you wanted me to come here to get better acquainted with them, and now you won't let me be with them."

"You will have plenty of time with them. I want to speak to you about Ernest."

She was all attention in a moment. With her eyes bent on the ground, her head forward a little, and her lips slightly parted, she made him understand that she was listening keenly, without speaking.

"Rumors have reached me of an unfortunate love-affair that he had last year. I have not heard it through him—indeed, I don't even know the lady's name; but I hear that her friends interposed, thinking him scarcely in a position to marry. Now before I marry again, and possibly have other children to make claims upon me, I should like to do what I can for my eldest son; I could settle two hundred a year more upon him, but I will only do it with your full concurrence."

"Do, do, do!"

"Why, Blanche, how earnest you are about it."

"Yes, I am," she said, looking up; "think of the misery the want of that wretched little money may have caused him already! Perhaps the girl would have been let to marry him if he had had it; perhaps she loved her as he never can love anybody else; perhaps all the good that woman ever could have got out of life was in that chance of marrying him; and she missed it—she missed it!"

"Crying, my own Blanche! you are too sympathetic."

"I am nothing of the sort," she said, quickly recovering herself; "but I do wish you to give all you can to your son, and tell him (will you tell him?) how dearly I hope it may make him happy."

When she said that, in a sweet, rich, faltering voice, I don't think that Mr. Mallory can be very much blamed for kissing her. At any rate, whether he can be blamed or not, he did kiss her, and Blanche bore it bravely—so bravely that Mr. Mallory wished he could advance another scheme of generosity, to be equally well rewarded.

"I must go to the girls now," she said; "the half-hour is up, and they want me."

"And I shall go and speak to Ernest," he said, following her to the door.

She turned round abruptly: "Are you going to tell him what your purpose doing for him now?" she said.

"Yes; the present is always the best time, I think," he said, affably.

"And, Mr. Mallory, are you going to speak of that love-story of his which you sketched out to me?"

"I think I shall," Mr. Mallory said, munificently. "I think I shall hint to him that his additional two hundred entitles him to try again; it would have been utter madness for them to marry without it; but having it, I think I for one should only look upon their marriage as temporary insanity."

"And you would forgive it; say you would forgive it"

"I would forgive it most certainly."

"Oh, do, dear, dear Mr. Mallory—let me go with you while you tell him of his good fortune!" Blanche pleaded; and Mr. Mallory called her a "pretty little humbug, to affect such an interest in his son;" but he led her away with him, to seek for that son, nevertheless.

They found Ernest where they had left him, in the breakfast-room, alone. "If you want the girls, they're not here," he said, gruffly, as Mr. Mallory entered the room with Blanche leaning on his arm, and then Blanche girded herself for battle, and said:

"We wanted to speak to you, Mr. Ernest."

He rose up. That false, fair face! That false, sweet voice! How dared she speak to him thus? He did not wish to blame the girl for having buried her dead, but it hurt him to feel that she could speak to him as if he had never been more than another to her. He had been dazed, bewildered, uncertain of all things, since the woful tidings had reached him that she, his "own Blanche," as he had been wont to call her despite those intertending friends, was to be married to his father! But now, he told himself, that the mists were clearing

away from his mind, and that he was knowing her as she was at last—a false, fair, cruel woman.

"You want to speak to me? My father wants to speak to me, you mean, Miss Romney."

"And Miss Romney is kind enough to want to hear what I have to say to you," Mr. Mallory said, with his customary air of large affability.

"I don't think I can hear it now," Blanche blurted out, with a sudden disregard of appearances, and then she turned round and escaped from the room, muttering, as she made her exit, that she "was going to Margaret."

Mr. Mallory looked after her in blank astonishment; then he attempted to smile away all semblance of his surprise, and to substitute an amused expression instead of it. Failing in this laudable endeavor, he said to his son, with a great affectation of candor:

"Pon my word, Ernest, I hardly know whether I am wise in taking such an impulsive young creature as that."

"I think you're remarkably foolish," Ernest said, laconically.

"Well, we'll not dispute the point," Mr. Mallory said, waving the subject away. "As she is to be my wife so soon, I can hardly discuss her merits with you."

"I never wish to name her after this day, after this hour," Ernest said, jumping up, and then Mr. Mallory felt a sort of consciousness creeping over him that all was not well.

"Listen," he said, savagely; "after this hour, as you grandiloquently say, there will be no need for you to mention or hear her mentioned; but, in the mean time, perhaps you will condescend to feel a spark of gratitude toward her for the cordial assent she has given to a proposition I am about to make to you. I am going to settle two hundred a year on you, Ernest; this, in addition to what you have already, will enable you to marry the girl of your choice."

Mr. Mallory spoke with some emotion. It chilled him to hear Ernest say, in a cold voice:

"Thank you; that is impossible."

"Impossible! Why, is she married?"

"No."

"Has she ceased to love you?"

"From the bottom of my heart I feel that I may safely answer, No!" the young man thundered, with superfluous energy.

"Then what is the obstacle; are your sentiments changed toward her?"

Then came a sound at the door as Mr. Mallory asked this question—the sound of rustling skirts and a subdued interjection. But there was dead silence as Ernest answered it:

"No, sir. I shall love her all my life, but I'll pray that I may never see her again."

Then came a tumultuous, rushing sound into the midst of the silence that ensued upon this speech, and, in another moment, Blanche Romney was fluttering very prettily between father and son.

"Please unpray that prayer, Ernest," she said, imploringly; "and you, Mr. Mallory," turning with the most bewitching air of penitence toward her elderly betrothed—"and you, Mr. Mallory, forgive my temporary insanity, and be my friend still, though I tell you the truth so late; I can never love you as a wife; I can only love your son in that way, and he is—inflexible."

She turned toward the younger man as she said the last word, and her attitude was a powerful appeal. When a young and beautiful woman elects to declare herself guilty in this guise, sentence of punishment must be passed quickly if the judge is to pass it, and retain any thing resembling a satisfied and happy mind. In this case the judge hesitated—the culprit was so fair.

So fair, as she stood drooping before them, with downcast eyes veiled by long lashes, and golden-flecked hair falling negligently down over her shoulders. With a bright, tremulous, crimson tint on her rounded, brunette cheeks, and something that sparkled like a dew-drop in her violet, almond-shaped eyes, no fairer penitent ever besought a man's forgiveness for a fault or a folly.

But, eloquent as her appeal was, neither of the men to whom it was made could answer it for a minute or two, and, during that minute, she deepened and strengthened it unconsciously by letting her rosy lips quiver as she pressed them together to stifle a sob. The old man was the first to speak:

"I don't believe that you have made a fool of me intentionally, my dear," he said, kindly, taking up the paternal tone toward her in a

manner that surprised himself even, "and, if I can say that, Ernest may say more without derogating from his dignity."

"Ernest!" There was a wealth of passionate protestation, of agonized appeal, in that one word. He made one effort to maintain the indifference he had declared to himself that it was his duty to observe—one poor, unworthy effort:

"Miss Romney, I would not have obtruded my presence upon you if I had not thought you wiser—"

"And worse than I am," she interrupted. Then she drew herself up with a poor assumption of haughtiness, and said:

"Mr. Mallory, you are avenged surely; your son has no memory and no pity; but I have: may you both win better wives than I should have made either one of you! I will ask you not to think hardly of me, but I will ask nothing of you, sir" (fronting round on Ernest, like the loving, offended woman she was); "the wrong I did you, in acceding to my friends' wishes, you have repaid a thousandfold."

He meant to accept her bitter farewell; he could not, he told himself, rival his father in this way. But, as she moved to pass out of the room, she swayed him with one of those trifles that do sway weak human nature. She stooped to pat his dog!

Has it ever happened to one of my male readers to see his dog caressed by the hand of the woman he loves—the hand that he would, but perhaps cannot, claim? If it has, that reader will understand Ernest Mallory's inconsequent conduct when I tell how he prisoned the little hand that gave that conquering caress, and swore that, "after all, it should be his, and his alone."

Mr. Mallory, senior, was a pattern to all defeated men. He did all in his power to reconcile Blanche's friends to her change of destiny; and, when they refused definitely to be reconciled, he advised Blanche to disregard them—which advice was about the most pleasant that had ever been given to Miss Romney in her life.

ASSASSINATION OF SPENCER PERCEVAL.

THE parliamentary session of the year in which Wellington took Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, and in which Napoleon retreated from Moscow, was an eventful one from its very commencement.

In the afternoon of May 11, 1812, the lobby of the House of Commons was full of noisy politicians discussing the recent grant of one hundred thousand pounds a year to the new regent, the probabilities of a war with America, the extravagance of the new park to which the prince had given his name, the outrages of the Luddites, the prospects of Lord Castlereagh succeeding the Marquis of Wellesley as secretary for foreign affairs, and the more than likelihood of Wellington again retiring to the Portuguese frontier. Old politicians were lamenting the deaths of Pitt and Fox (1805-'6); grievance-mongers were button-holing impatient M. P.'s; place-hunting constituents were seeking their victims with the pertinacity of harriers that have lost their hare; men with claims, real or imaginary, on government (one among them especially brooding, soured, and malignant) were watching the opening doors. Through the crowd, unnoticed but by *habitués* of the House, passed Mr. Dundas, Viscount Palmerston, the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Mulgrave, and other members of the cabinet; but Mr. Perceval, the prepossessing, courteous premier, had either not yet appeared, or was hidden by the crowd round the door. That shrewd, hard-working, adroit man would soon be there, if he had not already come; and his followers and partisans were waiting, eager for his coming, and ardent for the debate, in which the premier would calmly oppose the Catholic claims, or resist any more extended prosecution of the Peninsular War.

A slight murmur, at about a quarter-past five, at last announced the long-expected minister. At that very moment the sharp, ringing report of a pistol at the entrance of the lobby startled every one both in the hall and in the adjacent committee-rooms. There arose a cry of—

"Murder, murder!"

"Shut the doors; prevent any one escaping."

Then a person, with his hand pressing his left breast, rushed from the cluster of members standing round the entrance, staggered toward the door of the House, groaned faintly, and fell forward on his face. Mr. Smith, member for Norwich, was the first to approach him. Thinking it some one in a fit, he walked round the fallen man, not at first recognizing his person, or knowing that he was wounded; but finding he

did not stir, he instantly stooped to assist him, and, on raising his head, was horrified to discover that it was the premier. Requesting the assistance of a bystander, the two men instantly raised Mr. Perceval, carried him between them into the room of the speaker's secretary, and set him on a table, resting in their arms. He was already not only speechless, but senseless, and blood was oozing fast from his mouth.

He felt his heart. In a few minutes the pulsation grew fainter. In ten minutes he was dead.

Mr. Lynn, a surgeon of Great George Street, instantly came and examined the body. He found that a pistol-bullet had struck the premier on the left side, just over the fourth rib. It had penetrated three inches, and passed obliquely toward the heart, causing almost instant death.

The moment Mr. Perceval fell, several voices had called out:

"That is the fellow!"

"That is the man who fired the pistol!"

The assassin was sitting, in a state of great agitation, on a bench by the fireplace, with one or two persons to the right of him. General Gascoyne, M. P. for Liverpool, with a soldier's promptitude, instantly sprang on him, and, clutching him by the breast of his coat and his neck, took the still smoking pistol from him, and told him it was impossible that he could escape.

The murderer replied:

"I am the person who shot Mr. Perceval, and I surrender myself."

Mr. J. Hume, member for Weymouth, also seized him, and took from his pocket a second pistol, ready primed, and loaded with ball. Mr. Burgess, a solicitor of Mayfair, also helped to arrest the man, and to take him into the body of the House, and give him into the custody of the messengers. The murderer's agitation had by this time entirely subsided. He seemed quite sane, grew perfectly calm, and commented on some slight inaccuracy in Mr. Burgess's statement.

General Gascoyne recognized the assassin as John Bellingham, a man who had been a merchant in Liverpool. Three weeks before, he had called on the general and requested his assistance in pressing his claims on Parliament for redress for an unjust imprisonment at St. Petersburg, the resident ambassador having been applied to in vain. The general had recommended him to memorialize the premier.

A great fear fell on the cabinet ministers that night when the news of the desperate and at first unaccountable assassination reached them. The prince-regent, amid the vulgar and meretricious splendor of his pseudo-Oriental palace at Brighton, shook like a jelly. A massacre of ministers was apprehended; there were the wildest rumors current of Luddite outrages and revolutionary conspiracies. Mr. Perceval had, no doubt, been the first victim. Whose turn was to be next? Where could the sword be best aimed to reach the necks of the assassins? All was fear, gloom, and doubt. The people of England were known to be discontented; it might be necessary to use grape-shot and sabres to keep down their foolish and dangerous impatience for reform; besides, what was the correction of any abuse but an incipient revolution? "Scrape one barnacle from the vessel of state, and you may as well stave and sink her at once in the Red Sea of Jacobinism," screamed the political Chinese.

Many of those grave and eminent men who came with hushed step into the speaker's drawing-room, where the premier lay dead, must, as they looked at the pale, calm face, and as the events of the life of the murdered man passed swiftly through their minds, have remembered the peroration of his speech as attorney-general at the trial of Peltier, the French editor, in London, for his libel against Napoleon; it seemed now almost like a presentiment of his own fate.

Replying to Mackintosh, Mr. Perceval had then said (1802): "There is something so base and disgraceful—there is something so contrary to every thing that belongs to the character of an Englishman—there is something so immoral in the idea of assassination, that the exhortation to assassinate this or any other chief magistrate would be a crime against the honorable feelings of the English law."

The biography of Mr. Perceval is brief. He was the second son of the Earl of Egmont, and was born in 1762. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he went to the bar in 1786, in spite of great shyness soon became leader of the Midland Circuit, and, in 1796, won his silk gown, became member for Northampton, and a *protégé* of Pitt. When that minister fought Mr. Tierney, he declared Mr. Perceval competent to be his successor, and even to cope with Fox.

Perceval supported Pitt in all his measures, especially in the mis-

chievous and unnecessary war with France. Under Addington, the busy satellite became attorney-general. He was legal adviser of the unhappy Princess of Wales, and, under the Duke of Portland, was made chancellor of the exchequer, demanding two thousand pounds a year as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster for surrendering his business at the bar. Parliament growing indignant, he reluctantly relinquished the appointment, and his friends trumpeted forth his patriotic disinterestedness. On the death of the Duke of Portland, in 1807, he became premier.

Palpably a third-rate professional politician, scarcely fit to carry Lord Chatham's crutch, Perceval was glorified by the suddenness of his melancholy death; his smooth, ready talk was called eloquence; his quickness at figures, genius for finance; his obstinate and narrow-minded persecution of his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, intrepidity and energy. Modern historians of his own party still idolize his memory as "a champion of the Protestant faith." It must be allowed that he was a respectable man; sincere, honest, and of unimpeachable integrity. Like Pitt, he died poor, though hundreds of millions had passed through his hands.

On the 15th of May, Bellingham was tried at the Old Bailey, before Sir James Mansfield, Baron Graham, and Mr. Justice Grose. Most of the aldermen were present, besides many noblemen and members of Parliament. Mr. Alley (prisoner's counsel) objected to the prisoner being called upon to plead, and applied for postponement of trial, on grounds that he had affidavits to prove prisoner insane. The court deciding that this application should not be granted, the prisoner pleaded "not guilty."

The witnesses for the prosecution having been examined, Bellingham proposed to leave his defence to his counsel, but was informed that prisoners' counsel were not allowed to address the court in defence. He then addressed the jury in a speech of above an hour's length, interspersed with the reading of several documents. He had, as he said, no personal malice against Mr. Perceval. "The unfortunate lot had fallen upon him," as the leading member of the administration which had repeatedly refused any redress for the injuries he (the prisoner) had sustained in Russia. He had been engaged in business at Liverpool; in 1804 he went to Russia. His business being finished, he was about to leave Archangel for England, when a ship called the *Soleure*, insured at Lloyd's, was lost in the White Sea. Lloyd's refusing to pay the insurance, Bellingham was suspected of having something to do with their refusal (though he had not), and, in consequence, he was seized in his carriage while passing the Russian frontier, by order of the Governor of Archangel, and imprisoned. He applied to the British ambassador, Lord Leveson Gower, who, having learned from the military governor at Archangel that he was detained for a legal cause, and had conducted himself in a most indecorous manner, refused to interfere. His young wife, with an infant in her arms, was obliged to make the journey to England alone. He himself, after suffering unheard-of hardships, kept in a miserable condition, and banded from prison to prison, in 1809 received, at midnight, his discharge, and an order to quit the Russian dominions, with a pass; which was, in fact, an acknowledgment of the justice of his cause. Since his return to England, he had applied to the most influential men in the government, had been sent from one to another; last of all to Mr. Perceval, who obstinately refused to sanction his claims in Parliament. If he had met Lord Gower after his resolution was taken, he (Lord G.) would have received the ball, and not Mr. Perceval. He concluded his defence by justifying the murder, on account of the injuries he had received from the government. He disclaimed the plea of insanity.

The case was desperate, for the prisoner had stoutly denied his own insanity, and pleaded justification for his crime. Mr. Alley had only the one excuse to press forward—insanity. That is, not that the prisoner did not mean to shoot Mr. Perceval, but that he did so with a disordered mind.

The swearing was very hard. A lady from Southampton, who had known Bellingham from a child, declared that she believed him deranged, so far as related to his sufferings in Russia. She had never known him to be under restraint, but his father had died mad. A servant at a house in New Milman Street, where Bellingham had lodged for four months, had thought the prisoner deranged for some time past, particularly just before the murder.

The trial lasted eight hours. Lord Mansfield having summed up, the jury retired for ten minutes, and then returned a verdict of guilty.

The recorder passed sentence of death, directing that the prisoner's body should, after execution, be dissected and anatomized.

During the early part of the trial, which lasted eight hours, Bellingham trifled with the flowers placed on the front of the dock. He read his defence in a fervid but calm manner, but occasionally shed tears. At the conclusion he requested a glass of water, as any speaker on indifferent subjects might have done. He listened to his sentence, however, with the most intense awe, and was led out of court overcome with grief.

Bellingham's antecedents were not very creditable, if the contemporaneous reports can be implicitly trusted. He seems to have been a turbulent, untoward, rather unprincipled adventurer, of a subtle, dangerous, rankling disposition, inflamed almost to madness by a long series of misfortunes. He was a native of St. Neot's in Huntingdonshire, and was born in 1771. When he was only a year old, his father, a land-surveyor, betraying symptoms of mental derangement, was sent to St. Luke's, but at the end of a year was discharged as incurable, and died soon after. At the age of fourteen, John Bellingham was apprenticed to a jeweller, but ran away from his master. His mother then appealing to a Mr. Daw, her brother-in-law, to do something for her son, Daw fitted Bellingham out as a subaltern in an East-India regiment. This was a social advance, and the lad's fortune seemed now secured; but ill fortune followed him. The *Hartwell*, the transport in which he sailed, was wrecked, and he returned to England, abandoning his profession, for some unrecorded reason. Mr. Daw again came forward, and, probably seeing a predisposition to commerce in the ex-soldier, advanced him money to purchase the business of a tin-plate worker. But the unlucky man's house took fire soon afterward, not without some suspicion (as usual in advantageous fires) falling upon the proprietor, and in 1794 Bellingham, the young tradesman, became bankrupt.

Bellingham then commenced business at Liverpool without any capital, as an insurance broker, and married an Irish girl named Neville, by whom he had one child. They lived very unhappily, and she eventually supported herself as a milliner.

He then entered a merchant's office at Liverpool, his commercial expertness gaining him the confidence of some of the leading houses engaged in the Russian trade. He was sent out to Archangel as their commission agent, living at that great emporium of the Siberian trade in the White Sea to purchase furs, tea, hardware, tallow, flax, pitch, and timber, for the English market. Here Bellingham was still very unfortunate or very dishonest, or perhaps both.

He drew bills on his principals to the amount of ten thousand pounds, squandered the money, and made no shipments of the tea, tallow, or furs, so purchased. Returning to England, and failing to fulfil a contract entered into with some merchants of Hull, Bellingham was thrown into prison. He then a second time visited Archangel, but was again unlucky, and was about to return to England, finding the country getting too hot for him, some disagreeable thing having occurred about the insurance of a vessel, when he was arrested for private debts. He accused the Russian authorities loudly of corruption and injustice, claiming the protection of the English ambassador, Lord Leveson Gower, and also of Sir L. Sharp; but they, finding his arrest to be legal, and the matter not within their province, declined to interfere, and left him to the Russian tribunals.

Only those who know the profound corruption of Russian officials can imagine the misery of a provincial Russian prison. Filth, starvation, cruelty, and a hopeless delay of justice, are the smallest of the evils a prisoner so friendless would have had to encounter.

Five years of such slavery in such a climate, far from wife and children, in the middle of a life that had yet to be retrieved, was enough to have maddened better men than the future assassin of Perceval.

Released at last, without trial and without redress, the very abruptness of the release going far to prove his innocence, to what happiness and welcome did this unhappy man return? To beg, to sue, to supplicate to the insolent door-porters of the Marquis of Wellesley, the Earl of Uxbridge, Lord L. Gower, Mr. A. Paget, Sir F. Burdett, and Mr. Perceval. Day by day he must have found the faces of the men he importuned grow harder and colder. Day by day hope must have lessened, and hatred struck a deeper root. Day by day his heart must have sunk within him as he passed up the old street to the old door to receive the same rebuffs.

Bellingham suffered on the 18th of May.

When he entered the yard he walked firmly, and, looking up calmly, observed, "Ah, it rains heavily!" He firmly and uniformly refused to express any contrition for his crime, or for Mr. Perceval's fate; but he lamented the pain he had given Mrs. Perceval and her children; he as steadily denied having any accomplice, when questioned on these points by the sheriffs. In answer to the clergyman, Bellingham said:

"I thank God for having enabled me to meet my fate with so much fortitude and resignation."

He remarked to the hangman.

"Do every thing properly, that I may not suffer more than is necessary."

To another he said:

"Draw the cord tighter; I don't wish to have the power of offering resistance."

He ascended the scaffold with a cheerful countenance and a calm air, looked about him rapidly, but with no air of triumph or display. He at first objected to the cap being put over his face, but afterward acquiesced. As the clock struck eight, and while the prisoner and the clergyman were still praying, the supports of the internal square of the scaffold were struck away, and Bellingham dropped.

The revenge had been achieved, the penalty for the crime had been paid; and now, leaving the assassin unpitied and unwept on the dismal table of the hospital dissecting-room, let us pass to the honored grave of the honest statesman. The House of Commons, acting for the nation, received with enthusiasm the prince's message recommending a parliamentary provision for the widow and children of the late premier. On May 12th, Lord Castlereagh moved a resolution, which was carried by a large majority, that an annuity of two thousand pounds should be granted to Mrs. Perceval, and a sum of fifty thousand pounds should be vested in trustees for the benefit of her twelve children. On the 14th, three hundred members of Parliament, dressed in mourning, carried up the address in answer to the regent's message.

During the proceedings relative to the generous grant, the influential members (Canning, etc.), in their laudable desire to express their sorrow for the murdered premier, claimed for him the highest honors due to political genius. It was not then the time to show that Spencer Perceval, though a useful and amiable man, was indisputably nothing more than a third-rate statesman.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—YOUNG FRANK.

I HAVE already mentioned that Frank Renton, being up in town on the business of negotiating the change he desired into a regiment on the line, was taken one evening by his brother Laurie to No. 37, Fitzroy Square.

It was a thing very lightly done, as so many things are that affect our lives. "Come with me and see the padrona," Laurie had said, as the evening darkened, before they went out to dinner. "You've heard me talk of her. She has such charming children." This was the first thing it came into his head to say; for, being foolish, he could not launch into praise of herself. And Frank had gone very carelessly, it must be allowed, looking with open eyes of amused wonder at all the artists' houses, and at the dinginess of the square. Alice was playing when they went in, and Frank, sitting down in the shade before the lamp was lighted, and observing, still with a half-amused surprise, how familiar his brother was in the house, was softly penetrated by those unknown strains coming from he could not tell where, and made by he knew not whom. The door of the great drawing-room was open, and there came from it the usual gleam of red firelight, the usual ghostly appearance behind of the curtained windows. When he had listened for a long time in silence, not feeling himself quite able to join in the conversation which was going on, Frank at last took heart to ask who was the musician. The lamp was brought into the room at this moment, and the padrona turned to him, with a smile as soft and tender as the music, just dawning about her lips. "It is



"She was standing at her easel, drawing, with a little sketch before her."—Chapter XXVIII.

my child," she answered, in that full tone of love and pride which comes only out of the heart of a woman who has a daughter. There was such softness in the tone, such love and profound complacency and content, that it touched the young soldier. Somehow it occurred to him for the moment that there must be some painful defect about the creature whose name came thus from her mother's lips—blind, perhaps, or sick—or somehow not just an ordinary child. Then, with a curious impulse, which she could not have explained, the padrona lifted her voice and called "Alice!" Frank turned to the open door as the music stopped, with unusual curiosity, expecting some pale vision, with signs of fading in its countenance, or sightless eyes at the least; when all at once there looked out upon him "Alice with her curls," like a rose between the falling folds of the vague dim-colored curtains—with eyes like stars, half dazzled, confused with the sudden light, and those sweet tints for which, as I have said, the beholder was grateful to Alice. He looked and looked, and the young man's eyes were touched as by Ithuriel's spear. No man had yet seen in her what, all at once, Frank Renton saw. She was to him no child, but a woman. He got up off his chair stumbling, confused. And Laurie was sitting calmly there talking to the mother with this fairy princess coming to them! It seemed incredible. And, in fact, Laurie scarcely looked at Alice, even as he shook hands with her. He gave her a kind, half-paternal smile, and went on talking, which was to Frank such a mystery as no explanation could clear away. Then she sat down and took her work with the quiet of a child, totally unaware of young Frank's reverential admiration. Fortunately he knew a little about music. "Was that so-and-so that you were playing?" he said, when he had sat for a quarter of an hour, looking at her work and listening to Laurie's interminable talk with the padrona. The young soldier had a certain contempt for them as they sat and chattered—talking nonsense about any stupid subject that came into their heads, when they might have been talking to her, or listening to her music. "You must practise a great deal," then said the young man in the safe obscurity into which his silence had thrown him; for though the padrona had received him very graciously as Laurie's brother, what was she to find that could be said to a speechless young guardsman who probably had not an idea in his head? Frank, however, had several ideas; but he was discomposed, as most people are when brought suddenly into the company of familiar friends who

know all each other's ways of thinking and habits of mind. He could not strike into the full stream of their conversation, and it was natural that he should draw toward Alice, who was also left out of it. "You must practise a great deal or you could not play so well," he repeated, taking a little courage. And nobody paid any great heed to the two sitting apart, as it were, in the shade.

"I am very fond of music," said Alice; "I like it better than any thing;" and then there was a long pause, and the conversation on the other side of the table thrust itself into prominence again and became offensively audible. Talk chiefly about pictures of which Frank did not know very much, and about people whom he knew nothing of—not the kind of people talked of in society whom he would have known. Laurie had always had strange friends; but how odd it was to find him in the midst of a new world like this, and a world so entirely apart and separate from the known hemisphere! But yet Frank did not find it disagreeable to sit silent against the wall, now that Alice was at the table with her work. After ten minutes more he made another attempt at conversation. "Have you heard Madame Schumann play that?" he said; and Alice glanced up at him and softly shook her curls.

"I have not heard much music," she said. "We never go out. It bores mamma going out in the evening. I shall when I am older, perhaps; but not now."

"But if you never go out in the evening, what do you do with yourself?" said Frank with some consternation. Upon which Alice startled him completely by answering, in the softest matter-of-course voice, "We have mostly people with us at home."

Here Frank came to a dead stand-still. He glanced round upon the room, which, though pleasant and cheerful and homelike, bore no appearance of being adapted for such perpetual hospitality. "We have mostly people with us at home." Did they give dinners or dances, or what did they give in this curious, gray-green, picture-lung, half-lighted place? As if in answer to this question Mary at that moment came in with the tea, carrying a vast tray before her, with heaps of cups and saucers, substantial bread and butter, steaming urn, and all the paraphernalia of that modern meal. The young guardsman looked on bewildered to see Alice rise, in the same calm matter-of-course way, and rinse the teapot and make the tea. Was it the tea-party of humble life which he was in for? Would the guests come in presently and

take their seats round the table and munch their bread and butter? and what if there might be muffins, perhaps, or buttered toast? Frank would have been amused had not Alice been there in the midst of it. He would have concluded that his brother had brought him to make acquaintance with the habits of the aborigines in these dingy regions out of the world. But then how came this creature there? He was relieved when he saw little Edith clamber up to her high chair, and became aware that it was only to be a family party after all. Frank was not sufficiently philanthropical, being only a guardsman, to interest himself much in the children and the bread and butter; but by degrees Alice surmounted all the obstacles of her surroundings, and began to cast a lovely haze upon the whole scene. He did not say much; he sat, if the truth must be told, in rather an embarrassed, sheepish way in his chair against the wall, with very little of the assurance natural to his profession. But then it must be taken into account that this was an undiscovered country, such an America, as Columbus discovered, full of strange new beings, new customs—a foreign world to Frank. He was out of his depth. When the padrona now and then turned to address him, with a vain attempt to make him comfortable, he felt himself drawl and yaw-haw like the swell of romance. And it was evident to him that his brother's friend gave him up as quite impracticable. Little Edith, however, was less fastidious. She got down out of her high chair and placed it closer to the stranger, and took him under her little wing.

"Sit next to me," said Edith, "and you shall have some cake. Are you Laurie's little brother? You are bigger than he is. Didn't he say it was his little brother, Alice? But I always say Harry is my little brother, and he is a great deal—such a great deal—about six feet taller than me."

"And older as well," said Harry. "I am eight and you are six. You're not six till your birthday, and Alice is sixteen, and me and Frank—"

"Nurse says girls are quite different," said little Edie. "You are only boys, you two.—Are you Mr. Renton, as well as Laurie, Mr. Laurie's brother?—how funny it would be to call you that!—or have you another name all to yourself?"

"I am Frank," said the guardsman, laughing; and then the boys drew near him, and Alice looked up smiling from her tea-making, and a certain acquaintance sprang up. To know that Alice was sixteen on the one side—and to know that this young fellow, who gazed and addressed her in a tone so different from Laurie's tone, for instance—was Frank, seemed somehow to give each of them a certain hold on the other. Frank put down his hat, and drew his chair to the table; and by-and-by they were all sitting round it, drinking tea and talking.

"Laurie's brother is not so stupid as I thought he was," the padrona said afterward, as her *résumé* of the whole proceedings; and with that slight remark Mrs. Severn dismissed the matter from her thoughts. Laurie himself was trouble enough, the foolish fellow; but that any further complication should arise through Laurie's brother was a thing which never entered into her mind.

When the two brothers left the house there was silence between them for some time. Indeed, little was said till they had got as far as Harley Street. Then, all at once, Laurie spoke.

"You were out of your element in the Square," he said, with a little forced laugh. "You don't understand the kind of thing; but I can tell you it is no small matter to me to have such a house to go to." This was uttered abruptly, and was not at all what he meant to say. To seem to apologize for the padrona and her house was as far as possible from his intention, and yet it sounded like an apology in his brother's ears.

"I dare say," said Frank; and then he too added hastily, with a shade of embarrassment, "she is quite lovely, I think."

"No; do you, though?" cried Laurie, with a mixture of amaze, and delight, and indignation. "I never saw you look at her even, all the time we were there."

"And she plays wonderfully," said Frank. "Music goes to one's heart, you know, coming like that, out of the dark, one can't tell how. I thought she must be blind, or consumptive, or something; and then to see a face like a little rose!"

"Oh, you mean Alice," said Laurie, drawing a long breath of relief, and amusement, and kindly contempt. Alice was a very nice little thing; but how it should occur to any one to put her in the first place! To be sure the boy was only twenty. Laurie, who was twenty-four, felt the difference strongly.

"Whom else could I mean?" said Frank, calmly—"there was no other girl there. But, Laurie, really you ought to mind what you are about. We may have come down in the world, you know, and seen better days, and all that; but we need not fall quite out of the habits of gentlemen all the same."

"Am I falling out of the habits, etc.?" said Laurie, laughing. "I am only a poor painter, my dear fellow. I am not a swell and a guardsman like you."

"I sha'n't be a guardsman a minute longer than I can help it, and you know that," said Frank, with a little indignation; "but I hope I should never see a girl like that come into a room without treating her with proper respect."

"Proper respect!" cried Laurie, much mystified; and then he laughed. "Alice is only a child," he said. "I have known her since she was that height. She thinks me a kind of old uncle, or god-father, or something. Yes, of course, she plays charmingly—but she is only a child all the same."

"A child! she is sixteen," said Frank; "and lovely, I think. I don't know the family, of course; they are your friends; but a young lady like Miss Severn is generally considered to call for a little ceremony. I don't want to be didactic," said the guardsman, "but—"

This remonstrance furnished Laurie with laughter for the rest of the evening; but Frank did not see the joke. Of course, the young lady was nothing to him, he explained. But it vexed him to think that his brother was falling into the free and easy habits which, he supposed, were current among the people who lived in those dingy streets, where every house boasted a long, central window, and the very atmosphere was redolent of paint—beings who lived all their lives in shooting-coats and wide-awakes—wild, untrifled, hairy men, not fit to come into a lady's society at any time. People on that level might be utterly indifferent and irreverent, and treat a woman as they treated their comrades; but that Laurie should fall into such ways vexed Frank. This was the chief subject of his thoughts as he bowed down through the darkness in the twelve o'clock train to Royalborough, where his battalion was quartered. It was another of the results of his father's unfortunate will. Frank had been, as Mr. Renton foresaw, the one who felt it least. His nominal allowance had always been just what it now was, and his mother was as ready now as ever to supply him with those odd five-pound notes, which drop in so pleasantly to a youthful pocket. It made no more difference than his father's death must have made under any circumstances. There was no longer a bright and pleasant house to take his friends to, but that had nothing to do with the will, and was at the present moment a necessity of Nature. And then he had his profession, and liked it, and might hope for advancement in it. And in the mean time he had made up his mind to go to India, a proceeding which had its pleasant as well as unpleasant aspects. He had sold his pet horse, to be sure, which cost him a pang; but still a man may get over that. And he was now banished from the society he had been used to, or the kind of life. Nothing was changed with him to speak of, but every thing was changed with Laurie; and as for Ben, he had disappeared under the waters altogether—disgusted, or indignant, or furious with fate. Frank's heart was heavy as he went back in the dreary "last train," dropping people at all the stations—and coming every now and then to a jarring, tedious stoppage in the blackness of the night. It is not a cheerful mode of locomotion when a man is alone, and has thoughts which are the reverse of agreeable. Laurie's intimacy in the painter's house, the accustomed familiar way in which he sat down among all those children and took his tea, the homely table, the talk in which his brother was so absorbed as to forget every thing—even common politeness—how fatal was all this! Had he gone there, indeed, kindly as a chance visitor—as any potentate from Belgravia might look in now and then; but to become an *habitué* of such a house, to give up for it—as he seemed to be doing—all the charms of society! "Why should it be?" Frank asked himself. No doubt Lady Grandmaison would have invited Laurie all the same—as, indeed, she had invited himself, Frank—notwithstanding the temporary cloud under which they all were. No doubt the Barnards and the Courtenays would have been just as kind as ever. He might have kept up all his friends, Frank concluded to himself, with the premature prudence of a young man of society—why shouldn't he? Nothing but the absence of a coat or a pair of gloves could have absolutely shut out Laurie Renton from society; and his coat, Frank felt, was quite presentable, and had even a flower in it, the extravagant wretch: and yet his world had become Fitzroy Square!

Frank Renton dwelt so much on this thought that the apparition of Alice Severn went out of his head—and yet not, perhaps, quite out of his head. He had not been such a fool, he would have said, as to fall in love with a girl whom he had only seen once—a girl belonging to the objectionable locality in which Laurie had lost himself; yet somehow the little picture she made as she stood for a moment answering her mother's call in the doorway, with the dim curtains falling round her like a frame, and herself so bright in coloring, so sweet in all her rose-tints, lasted in his mind as such impressions seldom did. Perhaps it was the quite unexpected character of the appearance that made him dwell upon it. In a ballroom, or at a picnic, or, in short, at any party, or in a country-house where there are a number of people assembled, a man knows he is likely to meet some pretty girl or other, and is prepared for the vision; but when you are making a humdrum call, in a house quite out of the world, on people quite unacquainted with anybody you know, and, in short, very respectable people, but moving in a different sphere—and are, all at once, confronted by a creature like a rose, playing Beethoven in the dark, standing looking at you from the doorway with dazzling, lovely, half-seeing eyes—of course you had not been looking for any thing of the kind, and it makes a certain impression on you. Frank was not in any way addicted to art. He did not understand it much, nor care for it. Now and then something struck him as being "a pretty picture;" but it might be one of Laurie's drawings, or it might be a Raphael, and the difference was not very evident to the guardman. Perhaps it was the first time that he had of his own accord, or rather involuntarily, in spite of himself, by impulsion of Nature, hung up a picture of his own making on the walls of his mind, as it were. "By Jove, if Laurie were to paint something like that," he said to himself, "altogether unaware in his simplicity that neither Laurie nor any of his fellows could have done justice to the evening darkness, and the soft lamplight, and the dark, undefined curtains draping themselves about the bright young face. Frank made it for himself, which was much more satisfactory, and left it there, hanging in his private closet of recollections, though, so far as he was aware, he thought no more of Alice Severn, and was much too sensible a fellow to fall in love at first sight.

Besides, he was busy, and had no time just then for nonsense of any kind. It was not quite so easy to manage the exchange he wanted as he had believed it would be; and Mrs. Renton, though she interfered so little in her son's proceedings, did what she could to put a stop to this.

"I never even hear from Ben," she said, pathetically. "I do not know where he has gone, or what has become of him; and Laurie, though he writes punctually, has not been to see me for ever so long; what shall I do if you go too?"

"But, mother, I must go," Frank would say; "I can't get on where I am now. No, mamma, thanks; I ought not to take it. What my father meant was that we should go and seek our fortune. And, besides, if Ben and Laurie don't have money from you, I ought not to have it. That is as clear as daylight."

"If Ben and Laurie were here, they would have every thing I could give them," said Mrs. Renton; "they ought to know that; but you are the only one of my boys that stands by me, Frank. Put it in your pocket, dear, and never mind. Ah! if your poor dear papa could but have seen the harm it has done!" and she cried, poor soul, longing for her other children, though she had not energy enough to seek them out; "but we must not blame your dear papa," she added, hastily, drying her eyes.

"No," said Frank; "but it has done harm. Laurie was not like himself last time I saw him. He has got among queer sort of people—artists and that sort of thing. I don't feel quite easy about him, to tell the truth."

"Among low people, do you mean?" cried his mother, with the tears ready to flow from her eyes.

"N—no; not exactly low people," said Frank; and somehow a hot flush of color covered his own face. All at once that picture rose up before him, and Alice, out of the doorway, looked at him with reproachful eyes. "I heard that favorite thing of yours so beautifully played the other day," he added, hastily; and then he hummed a few bars to identify the melody—"charmingly played. I don't think any one could have done it better."

"Mary plays it very nicely," said his mother, who was easily led away from one subject to another.

"Oh, Mary!" said Frank. "Yes, she does very well, of course;

but this was almost genius, you know. She played it as if she were making it up herself. Quite a young girl—fifteen or so," Frank went on; "and sitting in a dark room, so she must have played from memory. I wish you could have heard her."

"Was it any one I know?" said Mrs. Renton.

"It was somebody Laurie knows," said Frank, shortly. "I suppose he'll stick there forever and ever, and never do any thing. I wish he were not such a lazy beggar; in one way he is the cleverest of us all."

"My poor Laurie! so you all say," said the mother; "but this I know—Laurie is never lazy when he can serve other people, Frank; and he is not so clever as Ben is," she added. "Your dear papa always said so. Ben was the clever one, he always said. I would not mind about cleverness, if I but knew where he was and what he was doing. That breaks my heart."

"Oh, he will turn up," said Frank, whose heart was not in any danger of breaking. And he put his mother's gift in his pocket, though not without compunction. "It seems like stealing a march upon them," he said to himself as he went away. This was just about a month before the time when Ben suddenly appeared at Renton Manor to bid them all good-by, and when Laurie was near the climax of his little drama. Frank, whom no necessity had urged on, was but beginning to make his arrangements for setting out in the world, when they, voluntarily or involuntarily, had completed theirs, and were about to take their plunge. As he went down the walk to the river, under the budded trees, his own idea was that he was the only one of the three who would really go off, as his father wished, to seek his fortune. Ben had hidden himself somewhere in a fit of disgust, but would repent, and become reasonable, and return to Renton to manage his mother's affairs, which needed some one to look after them. After all, Renton was his mother's for the time being, and it was the natural home of her eldest son; and, as for Laurie, he would stick fast where he was, and would not have pluck enough to make any change. So that it was utterly out of the question that he should relinquish his plans and prospects, in order that one of her children might be near his mother. Mrs. Renton, indeed, was not a woman to exercise such an influence on her sons. They were fond of her, but either not fond enough to make a sacrifice for her, or she not the kind of woman to require it. She kept in the background, wailing softly, but was not energetic enough to demand a response from any one. Frank marched down to his boat, which lay waiting him, with a feeling that if he was not the clever one, he was at least the energetic one of the family, and, probably, would be the only one to make his fortune. The first step, to be sure, was a little slow and troublesome, but, once in India, every thing became possible. He resolved within himself that he should scorn delights, and live laborious days, as soon as he had got himself made into a real soldier, instead of an ornamental guardman. He would go in for his profession with all his heart. No doubt it was a resolve which might call for a good deal of self-denial, but that young Frank was prepared for. Parties and pleasure and music, and even love-affairs, were things he meant to be out of his way. As for falling into a lower sphere contentedly, as Laurie seemed to have done, Frank hoped that such a descent was impossible to him. He pulled down the stream to Cookesley, though it was cold; for the river was at once the best and most expeditious way of getting at the manor, to people staying at Royalborough. Frank pulled down the stream, and felt his heart glow and tingle, as he thought of all he was going to do. He had some "pluck," he admitted to himself, if not so much cleverness as Laurie or Ben. So it will be seen he had quite forgotten that momentary peep of Alice Severn, and the equally temporary impression which her young beauty had made upon his imagination or his heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

III.

STUDIES OF THE AGED.—Sophocles learned to play on musical instruments in his old age. Cicero learned Greek at eighty. Theophrastus began his "Characteristics of Men" at ninety. Boecaccio began to study polite literature at thirty-five. Ludovico Monal-

desco wrote memoirs of his times at one hundred and fifteen. Koornhert studied Latin and Greek at forty. Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, had little knowledge of Latin and Greek till past fifty.—*D'Irreli*.

GOLDSMITH, repining at the success of Beattie's "Essay on Truth," said, "Here's such a stir about a fellow that has written one book, and I have written many." "Ah, doctor," replied Johnson, "there go two and forty shillings, you know, to one guinea."

QUOTATIONS.—Richard Bentley asked his son, whom he found reading a novel, "Why read a book which you cannot quote?"—a saying which aptly illustrates the nature and object of his literary studies.

FOLLY.—There is much folly that is well expressed, as there are many fools who are well clothed.—*Swift*.

READERS.—There are readers who get no farther than the title-page of books, like the Indian fox which devours only the heads of insects.—*Jean Paul*.

POPE educated himself. He attended no school after his twelfth year. The whole of his early life was that of a severe student.

ROSES.—There are twelve thousand varieties of roses.

OAKS.—In Clempstone Park, belonging to the Duke of Portland, is the oldest oak in England. It is called the Parliamentary Oak, from the tradition that Edward I. held a Parliament under its branches. It is supposed to be one thousand five hundred years old. The largest oak in England is in Yorkshire, and is called Calthrop Oak. Its circumference at the ground is seventy-eight feet. The Three-shire Oak is so called from its covering parts of the counties of York, Nottingham, and Derby.

BEAUCLERE.—Topham Beauclerc had invited a party to dinner, and just before the arrival of his guests he went up-stairs to change his dress, but forgot all about them, and, thinking it was bedtime, pulled off his clothes and got into bed. A servant, who presently entered the room to announce that his guests were waiting for him, found him fast asleep.

COLUMBUS thought that Cuba was part of the main-land. At the very time when he came to this conclusion, a boy at the masthead might have overlooked the group of islands to the south, and beheld the open sea beyond.—*Irving*.

ROMAN SENATE.—There were more than one thousand persons in the Roman Senate in the time of Augustus Cæsar. He raised the qualification of a senator to a sum equivalent in our currency to forty-four thousand four hundred dollars.

STAINED GLASS.—The earliest stained glass of which we read (the earliest in England at least) was in the possession of the monks of Rivaux, about 1140.—*Whitaker*.

OBEDIENCE TO THE LAWS.—Socrates refused to make his escape from prison, though means for it were concerted. He had always taught obedience to law, and he would not furnish an example of the breach of it.—*Mitford*.

COURAGE.—The French courage proceeds from vanity; the German from phlegm; the Spanish from pride; the English from coolness; but the Italian from anger.—*Byron*.

CAMDYSES ASKED CRESUS, "Who is the greatest, I or my father?" CRESUS, knowing that his life might depend upon his adroitness, replied, "Cyrus was greater than you. If in other respects you are your father's equal, yet you will never have so great a son."

TELESCOPE.—The discovery of the reflecting telescope was extorted from Sir Isaac Newton, and he expressly says, "Had not the communication been desired, I might have let it still remain in private, as it hath already done some years."—*Edinburgh Review*.

TEMPERAMENT OF THE FRENCH.—When Napoleon I. put the Duke d'Enghien to death, all Paris felt so much horror at the event that the throne of the tyrant trembled under him. A counter-revolution was expected, and would most probably have taken place had not Napoleon ordered a new ballet to be brought out, with the utmost splendor, at the opera. It is still recollected in Paris as perhaps the grandest spectacle that had ever been exhibited there. The consequence was, that the murder of the duke was totally forgotten, and nothing but the new ballet was talked of.—*Sir John Sinclair*.

IRELAND.—Oliver Cromwell was more than once consulting to transplant the whole nation from this island.—*Defoe*.

SCOTLAND.—A Scotchman asked Dr. Johnson after his return from the Hebrides what he thought of his country. "That it is a very vile country to be sure," replied Johnson. "Well, sir," rejoined the

Scotchman, somewhat mortified, "God made it." "Certainly He did," answered the doctor, "but we must always remember that He made it for Scotchmen; and, comparisons are odious, Mr. Strahan, but God made hell."—*Mrs. Piozzi*.

INQUISITION.—On the walls of the old Inquisition chambers at Avignon the parable of the Good Samaritan was painted.—*Dickens*.

MERIT.—Men are often treated like barrels—the empty ones made to stand up, the full ones laid down.—*Jean Paul*.

DOGMATISM.—When once a man is determined to believe, the very absurdity of the doctrine confirms him in it.—*Junius*.

THE BLOOD of a healthy, full-grown, average man, weighs twenty pounds.

HONOR AND VIRTUE.—The ancient Temple of Honor had no outlet of its own, but the only passage to it was through the Temple of Virtue.

RECTITUDE.—It is more desirable to be miserable by acting according to reason than to be happy in going against it.—*Epicurus*.

CHARLES V.—A swallow, having built her nest upon his tent, Charles V., upon the removal of his camp, ordered it to be left standing, till her young had fled, so sacred did he hold the rights of hospitality. If this anecdote (which is related by Vieyra) be true, there is hardly any fact in his life which does more honor to his heart.

SOMNAMBULISM.—Dr. Haycock, professor of medicine at Oxford, would preach an excellent sermon while in a somnambulant state. Dr. Clark conjugated in his sleep a Greek verb, which he had been endeavoring to learn, yet, after waking, he could not recall it. Dr. Dewey mentions an ignorant servant-girl, who, in a somnambulant state, evinced an astonishing knowledge of astronomy and geography. It was ascertained that formerly she used to hear a tutor giving lessons to the young people of the family.

CONVERSION OF THE AGED.—When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.—*Pope*.

CHANTING.—A chanted prayer is the poetry of devotion, while a prayer read is merely the prose of it.—*Whitaker*.

POVERTY OF POETS.—It may be truly applied to poets what St. Paul speaks of the early Christians: if their reward be in this life, they are of all men the most miserable.—*Cowley*.

RETORIC AND LOGIC.—Demosthenes said of Phocion, that he upset by his logic what he set up by his rhetoric.

MASTER OF THE ROLLS.—When Goldsmith was introduced to the Robin Hood Club, he was struck with the self-important appearance of the chairman, ensconced in a large gilt chair. "This," said he, "must be the lord-chancellor, at least." "No," replied Derrick, "it is only the Master of the Rolls." The chairman was a baker.—*Irving*.

SOUND.—Dr. Arnot says that on board a ship sailing one hundred miles off the coast of Brazil, at a particular spot, the sound of bells was distinctly heard. It was afterward ascertained that the bells of the city of San Salvador were ringing at that time, the sound whereof, favored by a gentle wind, had travelled over one hundred miles of smooth water, and, striking the wide-spread sails of the ship, had been brought to a focus and rendered perceptible.

BURKE never did himself justice as a speaker; his manner was hurried, and he always seemed to be in a passion.—*Samuel Rogers*.

HUMOR.—A dash of humor is never so pleasing as when it occurs in the midst of a serious strain, as the green spots scattered on the Alps delight the eye from their contrast with the snow around.—*Jean Paul*.

CORPSES IN THIBET.—In Thibet the dead bodies are cut in pieces and thrown into the lakes to feed the fishes, or exposed on the hill-tops to the eagles and other birds of prey. On the Himalaya slopes the Sikim burn the body, and scatter the ashes on the ground.—*Johnston (Chemistry of Common Life)*.

THE "DANGEROUS CLASSES" OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, though a much younger city than its European rivals, and with perhaps one-third the population of London, presents varieties of life among "the masses," quite as picturesque, and elements of population even more dangerous. The throng of different nationalities in the American city gives a peculiarly variegated air to the life beneath the surface, and the enormous over-crowding in portions of the poor quarters intensifies the evils, peculiar to

large towns, to a degree seen only in a few districts in such cities as London and Liverpool.

The mass of poverty and wretchedness is, of course, far greater in the English capital. There are classes with inherited pauperism and crime more deeply stamped in them, in London or Glasgow, than we ever behold in New York; but certain small districts can be found in our metropolis with the unhappy fame of containing more human beings packed to the square yard, and stained with more acts of blood and riot, within a given period, than is true of any other equal space of earth in the civilized world.

There are houses, well known to sanitary boards and the police, where Fever has taken a perennial lease, and will obey no legal summons to quit; where Cholera—if a single germ-seed of it float anywhere in American atmosphere—at once ripens a black harvest; where Murder has stained every floor of its gloomy stories, and Vice skulks or riots from one year's end to the other. Such houses are never reformed. The only hope for them is in the march of street-improvements, which will utterly sweep them away.

It is often urged that the breaking up of these "dens" and "fever-nests" only scatters the pestilence and moral disease, but does not put an end to them.

The objection is more apparent than real. The abolishing of one of these centres of crime and poverty is somewhat like withdrawing the virus from one diseased limb and diffusing it through an otherwise healthy body. It seems to lose its intensity. The diffusion weakens it. Above all, it is less likely to become hereditary.

One of the remarkable and hopeful things about New York, to a close observer of its "dangerous classes," is, that they do not tend to become fixed and inherited, as in European cities. The universal turmoil of American life, the upturning of every thing, the searching character of its great forces, such as religion, education, and self-respect, which reach down, directly or indirectly, to the lowest strata—all these causes seem continually to disintegrate the American poor and criminal classes; and even more in the cities than in the villages. The same families do not remain here long in the same houses, or the same quarters. The husband leaves the wife, and the wife the husband; the children abandon the disagreeable home, or are caught up and trained by the various charitable and educational associations; some member of the family is continually rising up to opulence or respectability. The families of the paupers and beggars and criminals are constantly being broken up.

The writer of this, with an experience of nearly twenty years among the poor of this city, can hardly recall a family where pauperism and crime have gone beyond a single generation; and he can think of hundreds where the children of beggars and rag-pickers and the most degraded persons, have risen up, not merely to decency and industry, but, at times, even to wealth and refinement.

The mill of American life, which grinds up so many delicate and fragile things, has its uses, when it is turned on the vicious fragments of the lowest strata of society.

Our villages, however, which are more conservative and stable, see much more frequently this most terrible of all evils, inherited pauperism and vice.

But, though the crime and pauperism of New York are not so deeply stamped in the blood of the population as in European cities, they are even more dangerous. The intensity of the American temperament is felt in every fibre of these children of poverty and vice. Their crimes have the unrestrained and sanguinary character of a race accustomed to overcome all obstacles. They rifle a bank, where English thieves pick a pocket; they murder, where European *prolétaires* cudgel or fight with fists; in a riot, they begin what seems about to be the sacking of a city, where English rioters would merely batter policemen, or smash lamps. The "dangerous classes" of New York are mainly American-born, but the children of Irish and German immigrants. They are as ignorant as London flash-men or costermongers. They are far more brutal than the peasantry from whom they descend, and they are much banded together, in associations, such as "Dead Rabbit," "Plug-ugly," and various target-companies. They are our *enfants perdus*, grown up to young manhood. A murder of an inoffending old man, like Mr. Rogers, is nothing to them. They are ready for any offence or crime, however degraded or bloody. New York has never experienced the full effect of the nurture of these youthful ruffians as she will one day. They showed their hand only slightly at the riots during the war. At present, they are like the ath-

letes and gladiators of the Roman demagogues. They are "the roughs" who sustain the ward politicians, and frighten honest voters. They can "repeat" to an unlimited extent, and serve their employers. They live on "*panem et circenses*," or City-hall places and pot-houses, where they have full credit. If an unfortunate time should come when our city demagogues could no longer help to support this host of ruffians, and all business were depressed, and capital seemed selfish and indifferent, these young men could raise such a following in our thronged eastern quarters, with some cry like "Bread or Blood!" as would shake the city with alarm to its foundations, and might crimson our streets with the blood of civil strife.

The young ruffians of New York are mainly the products of accident. Among a million people, such as compose the population of this city and its suburbs, there will always be a great number of misfortunes; fathers die, and leave their children unprovided for; parents drink, and abuse their little ones, and they float away on the currents of the street; step-mothers or step-fathers drive out, by neglect and ill-treatment, their sons from the home. One cause which is a fruitful source of criminals among the working-class, is their little respect for marriage.

An Irish peasant, with his family, emigrates to this city. At home, under the eyes of his neighbors, and of that Church, one of whose greatest services to humanity is, that it has embodied Christ's idea of marriage, he would have clung to his wife and little ones till the end of life. Here, no one knows him; his wife has become older and less attractive; he is burdened with the care of their many children; and thus, becoming weary of his responsibilities, he abandons her, and migrates to another city, and secures a younger companion more suited to his "affinities." This base tragedy is being enacted every day in New York. Here we have the free-marriage doctrines practically and continually illustrated. The legitimate fruits are a breed of young outcasts and criminals, who have no home and know no father. The disappointed and broken-hearted wife tries, for a time, to bear up the heavy burden of the family; she hopes against hope for the return of the wanderer. Perhaps she seeks for consolation in liquor. The task of caring for the children becomes too burdensome, and soon they are found cutting their own way with the vagabonds and thieves and little sharpers of a great city.

All the neglect and bad education and evil example of a poor class tend to form others, who grow up to swell the ranks of ruffians and criminals. So, at length, a great multitude of ignorant, untrained, passionate, irreligious boys and young men are formed, who become "the dangerous class" of our city. They form the "Nineteenth-Street Gangs," the young burglars and murderers, the garroters and rioters, the thieves and flash-men, the "repeaters" and ruffians, so well known to all who know this metropolis. Of the remedies for these evils we shall speak hereafter.

WEAR AND WANT.

[SEE ENGRAVINGS.]

THE nun, Night, went shivering over the town,
And dropped from her rosary beads of snow;
And a dove of prayer, as the flakes came down,
Beat an upward wing from a heart of woe—
From a window where want set iron bars
The dove fled away through the cloud to the stars.

With misery eloquent in her eyes,
With naked bosom and head and feet,
Feeding her hunger with bitterest sighs,
And freezing and weak, in the merciless street—
In the white, silent street, as the storm grew wild,
A mother stood, holding her dying child.

Yet in the wide mansion that rose near her there
A beautiful lady, in satin and lace,
Sat, saddened, and sighing for lack of wear,
And the fancied sorrow o'ershadowed her face.
No song would be trilled for the gloom of her brow,
If pity were voiced like a bird on a bough.

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(See Poem.)

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The stronger the contrast, the plainer the truth,
 And the truth this teaches is plain, indeed :
 Our sin is as sharp as a serpent's tooth,
 When we pine for things that we do not need.
 Shame, shame to the heart and its wicked pride,
 That, having much, is unsatisfied !

ABOUT AUTOGRAPHS, OR AUTOGRAPH MANIA.

AMONG the many curious manias that have at different periods taken entire possession of men, that which has existed, during the nineteenth century, for rare and unique books and autographs, is among the most remarkable. Ten thousand dollars have been paid in London for an old volume containing a few Italian love-stories, not worth except for its rarity the price of a dozen numbers of *APPLETONS' JOURNAL*; an autograph letter, written in 1785, on a single sheet of paper, has, within the past six years, been knocked down in New York for more than two thousand dollars, and almost as large a sum was about the same time paid by the British Museum for an autograph signature of Shakespeare. It is not altogether an uninteresting task to sit among a circle of autograph-collectors, those "mosquitoes of literature," as Irving called them, and see and hear the written signatures of distinguished men—scholars, soldiers, and statesmen—rattled off to the highest bidder by the glib tongue of a practised auctioneer, and to note their somewhat variable estimate of public men. While the book-hunting days of the Roxburghes and Spensers has measurably passed away, the heyday of autograph mania still flourishes, in all its early vigor, on both sides of the Atlantic.

The original writing of a great man's pen—read from the same paper on which the writer's hand rested—is an aid to the imagination, whereby the beholder is enabled to call before his mind's eye the countenance of the illustrious scribe, is assuredly a legitimate object of interest to all intelligent persons, and we do not wonder at the large sums expended on the autographs of celebrated writers. Any one who has looked at the first draft of "Paradise Lost" in Trinity-College Library, Cambridge; gazed upon Wellington's list of the cavalry under his command, written on the field of Waterloo just before the battle; and upon the loving and heroic Nelson's last letter to Lady Hamilton, found open on his desk, and unfinished, after the battle of Trafalgar—both contained in the show-cases of the British Museum—or who has turned over the leaves of Luther's "Isaiah" at Heidelberg—must have found himself all but in contact with the great departed. There is such a story in every blot; so much of character in every flourish of the pen; such meaning in every word erased or interlined—that such a holograph answers most of the purposes of a personal intimacy. We are fond of every thing connected with eminent men, and their autographs are interesting to all persons, although they may not concur with those who have pretended to read the writer's character in his handwriting.

Among the most fabulous prices that have been paid during the past few years, we recall the purchase, by the British Museum, at the famous Dawson-Turner sale in London, of four volumes of manuscripts for ten thousand dollars—one of the four containing letters by Bradford and other reformers and martyrs—Washington's Farewell Address, bought by James Lenox, of New York, for two thousand and three dollars; and the following letter, which was sold in May, 1864, at the famous John Allan sale, for two thousand and fifty dollars. It is in reply to an address, presented with the freedom of the city, enclosed in a gold box:

"TO THE HONORABLE THE MAYOR, RECORDER, ALDERMEN, AND COMMONALTY OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK:

"Gentlemen—I receive your address and the freedom of the city, with which you have been pleased to present me in a golden box, with the sensibility and gratitude which such distinguished honors have claim to. The flattering expression of both stamps value on the acts, and calls for a stronger language than I am master of to convey my sense of the obligation in adequate terms.

"To have had the good fortune, amidst the vicissitudes of a long and arduous contest, 'never to have known a moment when I did not possess the confidence and esteem of my country,' and that my conduct should have met the approbation and obtained the affectionate reward of the State of New York (where difficulties were numerous and complicated), may be ascribed more to the effect of divine wisdom which had disposed the minds of the people,

harassed on all sides, to make allowance for the embarrassments of my situation, while with fortitude and patience they sustained the loss of their Capital, and valuable part of their territory, and to the liberal sentiments and great exertion of her virtuous citizens, than to any merit of mine.

"The reflection of these things now, after the many hours of anxious solicitation which all of us have had, is as pleasing as our embarrassments at the moment we encountered them were distressing, and must console us for sufferings and perplexities.

"I pray that Heaven may bestow its choicest blessings on your city; that the devastation of war in which you found it may soon be without a trace; that a well-regulated and beneficial commerce may enrich all your citizens, and that your State (at present the seat of the empire) may set such examples of wisdom and liberality as shall have a tendency to strengthen and give permanency to the Union at home, and credit and respectability to it abroad—the accomplishment whereof is a remaining wish and the primary object of all my desires.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

At a sale of autographs in Berlin, in 1866, a curious letter of Marie Antoinette was knocked down for the enormous sum of fourteen hundred and seventy-three dollars, the highest price ever paid for a letter, with the exception of Washington's epistle above mentioned. The unfortunate queen's letter consists of four pages, addressed to the Count de la Marck, and not even an abstract of it is to be found in any published collection. The original manuscript of the exquisite "Elegy" by Thomas Gray, consisting of two small half-sheets of paper, written over, torn, and mutilated, was recently sold for six hundred and fifty-five dollars. At its first sale, a few years ago, it sold for five hundred dollars. "There was," says a London journal, "really a 'scene' in the auction-room. Imagine a stranger entering in the midst of a sale of some rusty-looking old books. The auctioneer produces two small half-sheets of paper, written over, torn, and mutilated. He calls it 'a most interesting article,' and apologizes for its condition. Pickering bids ten pounds! Rodd, Foss, Thorpe, Bohn, Holloway, and some few amateurs, quietly remark, twelve, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, and so on, till there is a pause at *sixty-three pounds!* The hammer strikes. 'Hold!' says Mr. Foss. 'It is mine,' says the amateur. 'No, I bid sixty-five in time.' 'Then I bid seventy.' 'Seventy-five,' says Mr. Foss; and five are repeated again, until the two bits of paper are knocked down, amidst a general cheer, to Payne & Foss, for *one hundred pounds sterling!* On these bits of paper are written the first draughts of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' by Thomas Gray, including five verses which were omitted in publication, and with the poet's interlinear corrections and alterations—certainly an 'interesting article'—several persons supposed it would call for a ten-pound note, perhaps even twenty. A single volume, with 'W. Shakespeare' in the fly-leaf, produced, sixty years ago, a hundred guineas; but probably, with that exception, no mere autograph, and no single sheet of paper, ever produced the sum of *five hundred dollars!*"

Since the above was written, the British Museum has paid, for an autograph of Shakespeare, the almost fabulous sum of fifteen hundred and seventy-two dollars. It now lies on velvet, in a sloping mahogany case, with a plate-glass before it, and curtains of blue silk protect it from too strong a light. What a change, from lying in a dirty chest, in a three-pair-back attic off Chancery Lane, where it was found a few years ago! There are few things in literary history more remarkable than the fact that relics of the handwriting of so voluminous an author as Shakespeare are so rare. The words "by me," and six signatures, are the only undoubted specimens of the handwriting of "the myriad-minded." If, however, there is a singular scarcity of Shakespeare's autographs, such is not the case with another of England's greatest poets. An agreement signed by Milton was sold at the sale of Sir Thomas Lawrence for three hundred and fifteen dollars, and afterward purchased by Samuel Rogers for five hundred and twenty-five dollars, and by him left to the British Museum. It was the famous covenant-indenture between Milton and Samuel Symonds, printer and bookseller, for the sale and publication of "Paradise Lost," which the banker-poet was fond of showing at his famous breakfast-parties in St. James's Place, London.

The only other instance, in addition to those already mentioned, in which a signature cost five hundred dollars, is mentioned in the following paragraph, from a letter written by "Josh Billings," in reply to an anxious correspondent who asked for his autograph: "We never," says the humorist, "furnish ortographs in less quantities than bi the packig. It is a bizness that grate men have gõt into; but it don't strike us az being profitable nor amusing. We furnished a near and very dear friend our ortograff a few years ago, for 90 days, and it

got into the hands of one of the banks, and it cost us \$500 to get it back. We went out of the business then, and have not hankered for it since."

Two years ago, there was a sale of Sir Walter Scott's manuscripts in London. They were sold by order of the executors of Robert Cadell, the great Edinburgh publisher. "Anne of Geierstein" brought six hundred and thirty-five dollars; fragments of "Ivanhoe" and "Waverley," six hundred and eighty-two dollars; "Marmion," nine hundred and eighty-seven dollars; "The Lady of the Lake," thirteen hundred and eighty-six dollars; and "Rokeby," six hundred and fifty-five dollars, precisely the same sum paid for the manuscript of Gray's "Elegy." Scott's poems and novels are written uniformly on paper of quarto size, in a clear character, and are "readable" in the strictest sense of the word. They had been bound as volumes by their late possessor, and their solid-looking Russia backs might be overlooked on a shelf for any promise they gave of extraordinary interest. The scraps of other men's manuscripts are precious as relics, but Sir Walter's autographic remains have the higher value of monuments.

At the recent sale of John Dillon's collection, in July, 1869, two fine letters of Washington brought the high price of six hundred and sixty dollars, and one written by Oliver Cromwell to Colonel Walton sold for two hundred and fifty dollars. It was written from Sleaford, where he was in command of a portion of the army, which he describes as being in wretched condition. Speaking generally of his troops, he writes these quaint words: "If we could all intend our own ends lease, and our ease too, businesses in this army would go on wheels for expedition. Because some of us are enemies to rapine and other wickednesses, we are said to be fractious; to seek to maintain our opinions in religion by force, which we detest and abhor." Another letter, by the stout old soldier, written soon after the battle of Marston Moor, brought four hundred and ninety-five dollars. A letter, written by Benjamin Franklin, treating of the American Republic, sold for one hundred and one dollar; and six letters, from the pen of Queen Elizabeth, addressed to her envoy, Dr. Dale, concerning the contemplated marriage with the Duke of Anjou, realized the sum of three hundred dollars. At the same sale, the manuscript of Robert Burns's "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" sold for sixty dollars, while a letter from his majesty Charles I. brought only half that amount, which would indicate that kings and excisemen have of late changed in value. The "Dissertation upon Roast-pig," five pages, in dear Charles Lamb's holograph, sold for fifty-five dollars, and a long and interesting letter of Garrick to Madame Riceboni, requesting some information respecting her life, went for twenty dollars. "Send me," writes David, "a few lines to inform me if you were begotten or born like other mortal ladies, or whether you dropped from the heavens as you are, quite perfect, as Minerva from the head of Jupiter." A letter of Talleyrand to George III., entreating the king to rescind the order issued that he should leave the country, and asking permission to go to some small village, adding, "Je vivrois seul et ignore," was knocked down for thirty dollars. Tasso's "Discorso della Virtù Femminile," twelve pages of closely-written manuscript, brought one hundred and fifty dollars.

Horace Greeley, who is always merciless on the autograph-hunters, gives, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," the correspondence that passed between himself and one of those "mosquitoes of literature," who applied to him for an autograph of Mr. Poe. He says: "A gushing youth once wrote to me to this effect:

"DEAR SIR: Among your literary treasures, you have doubtless preserved several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please enclose it to me, and receive the thanks of yours truly."

"I promptly responded, as follows:

"DEAR SIR: Among my literary treasures, there happens to be exactly one autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. It is his note-of-hand for fifty dollars, with my indorsement across the back. It cost me exactly fifty dollars and seventy-five cents (including protest), and you may have it for half that amount. Yours, respectfully."

"That autograph, I regret to say, remains on my hands, and is still for sale at the original price, despite the lapse of time and the depreciation of our currency."

Among the papers of the late Rev. John Pierpont was found a half-sheet, neatly filed and indorsed, in the handwriting of Charles Sprague, then cashier of the Globe Bank of Boston, enclosing a promissory-note for one thousand five hundred dollars, dated Boston,

August 25, 1832, signed by John Pierpont, and indorsed by a Boston publisher, prominent at that time, but since deceased. On the face of the note is written, "Paid, February 28, 1833." Within, also, in Mr. Sprague's handwriting, is the following couplet:

"Behold a wonder seldom seen by men,
Lines of no value from John Pierpont's pen."

We can readily imagine how much one poet enjoyed writing, and the other reading, this brief and witty effusion.

VISITS BELOW.

THERE is one enemy whom all men fear, from the highest to the lowest, from the youngest to the oldest. His name is Death. There is no man so brave by nature, so confident in his faith, that the dark valley of the shadow of death should not have its terrors for him. Leaving aside the religious view, which represents death as the necessary consequence of sins, there is a natural reason for this instinctive dread. The union between body and soul is brought about mysteriously before man enters upon life; the two then remain closely and yet marvelously united, perhaps for threescore-years-and-ten, and when finally the separation comes the struggle is necessarily more or less painful. The soul, moreover, cannot but tremble at the consciousness that in a few moments it will enter upon another world; the body cannot but shrink from the sense of almost instant dissolution.

There is but one feeling which is as common to man as this dread, and that is the certainty of a new life to come. But where is this new life to begin? Where do the disembodied spirits renew their existence?

The idea of such a realm of shades is as old as mankind. At first, no distinction was made between the good and the bad; they all met in one and the same vast space. Afterward, a judgment was suggested, after which the virtuous went to the abode of the blessed, and the wicked to a dark, dismal place, where they received their reward.

Such was the view generally entertained by the Greeks and the Romans: inexorable judges sat at the entrance-gates, and sent the guilty to Tartarus, there to endure unspeakable punishments. The ancient Germans, also, had their place for the dead—high up toward the north, but deep in the bosom of the earth, beneath a root of the world-tree Yggdrasil. It was called Niffelheim, the home of the shades, from which no return was possible, and its ruler was Hel, the fearful goddess of death. Her plate was called Hunger, her knife Sultr—both words expressive of insatiable avidity; for what the dark deity once had seized she held forever. But there was no idea of suffering connected with this home of the departed; and, in Germany at least, the word hell meant, up to the twelfth century, nothing more than the lower world. But the peculiar views of the middle ages, instilled in the people by the Church, added to it the idea of a dark and yet fiery space, burning with pitch and sulphur. Here sinners are made to suffer unbearable and in many cases unending punishment. Here the chief of devils sits on his fiery throne. He has seven combs and seven horns on his head. On the point of each horn there is a tower, and fire comes forth from his mouth and his eyes and ears.

The early authors who treat of this interesting place—and their name is legion—do not agree as to the precise locality. Some place it in the sun; others, in the moon; now they look for it in the fog by the sea-side, and now high up in the air. St. Patrick assured his friends that he had seen the devils at work, plaguing sinners, in the caves of the rocks.

An English ship-captain once cast anchor at the island of Stromboli, near Sicily. Suddenly, a voice was heard from Mount Ætna, crying out, "Make way! Rich Anthony is coming!" At the same time two men came floating through the air from the direction of Italy, and vanished in the crater of the volcano, in which a fearful uproar arose. This apparition made such an impression on the captain, that he wrote it down. Several years afterward, the occurrence was repeated; the two men reappeared, one in gray, the other in black, and the former was easily recognized as the captain's neighbor in London, a half-pay officer. When he returned, he learned, to his surprise, that this man had died exactly at the hour and on the day on which he had seen him enter the volcano; and the officer's widow, at all events, believed in his account, for she brought suit against him for having so grievously libelled her deceased husband.

According to the same popular belief, only the chief associates

of the Evil One are permitted to dwell with him in hell; the others are scattered through the vast space of the universe, and live, according to their nature, in different elements. From time to time they appear before their lord and master, and give him an account of all the evil they have done. On five Fridays, however, all his spirits must be present: on Good Friday, and on the Fridays after Easter, Pentecost, and the two equinoxes.

Ordinarily, hell opens its insatiable mouth only to receive the spirits of the condemned; but, from time to time, specially-favored persons are allowed to enter it, either as a warning and preliminary punishment, or to enable them to warn their contemporaries by an account of what they have seen and heard in their own persons. From these "visits below," most of the popular accounts of that dread place are obtained; it is their imagination or ecstatic divination which has mainly suggested the various punishments which the guilty endure, and the different grades of angels that rule over the lower regions. According to these statements, Satan was at first sole ruler of his realm. Then Beelzebub, the father of flies—for in the shape of a fly evil came into the world—rebelled against him, and ascended the throne, organizing his kingdom after the manner of earthly monarchies, with officials of every rank, rewards and distinctions, exiles and punishments.

Gradually the nations of Christendom began to entertain more enlightened views as to the nature of future life, and a sense of humanity suggested the existence of a special kind of paradise for children who had died unbaptized. But their happiness was represented as, after all, but a faint reflex of the real heaven, especially as the poor innocents were held incapable of praising and glorifying God. This imperfect and ever-silent children's paradise lay close to hell, and the common belief had it that all the good people who died during the first four thousand years of our earth's existence had to be purified in this place before they could be admitted to the presence of God. The close neighborhood of the two places explained, in the popular mind, the colloquy between Abraham and Dives, who were within sight of each other, and only separated by a great gulf. Still later arose the idea of a purgatory, in which all the departed souls were purified, till they could enter, after a more or less painful preparation, upon eternal bliss. Martyrs and saints alone were held exempt from this state of probation; and prayers and masses are to this day believed powerful in abbreviating the time of trial.

St. Nicholas was the first saint who is reported to have procured admittance to hell for one of his friends, a monk. They walked together on a smooth inclined plane, down to a vast and horrible space, where souls were tortured in every imaginable way. This was purgatory. Other reporters had described it as a quiet, voiceless place; but the monk stated that the sufferers wailed and whined, shedding torrents of tears. Some were burning in fierce fires; others were bathing in caldrons filled with seething sulphur, pitch, and lead. Devils roasted some in frying-pans; while others were slowly swallowed by huge serpents. "I know," he concluded, with an eye to business, "that, if I had relatives down below, I would sell the shirt on my back to have masses read for their delivery."

After crossing a stream of fire with huge waves, the banks of which were frozen, and covered with ice and snow, he reached an immense desert, over which brooded eternal darkness. This was hell itself. Countless hideous insects crawled under his feet, spitting fire whenever the foot touched them; and rivers of burning sulphur crossed the plain in all directions. The devils seized the souls with red-hot pincers, and threw them into seething caldrons, where they dissolved, but only in order to be restored at once to their former shape, and to new sufferings. Each one was punished by the same sins of which he had been guilty in life. Among the sufferers the monk saw a great king of high fame, and a pious archbishop, whose relics were doing miracles on earth.

The legend of St. Patrick's visit below is perhaps the most familiar of all these quaint inventions. The hard-hearted Irish would not be converted, and taunted him, saying, "Show us the torments of hell and the bliss of heaven, and we will believe our eyes." The saint prayed for help from on high, and was shown an opening through which he could descend into hell. Several of his pupils ventured down, and one, a soldier, made his report. He escaped being seized and thrown into everlasting fire only by the promptness with which he made a cross, and then was led into the valley of desolation, which was paved with the closely-packed bodies of men and women. They

were nailed to the ground, and devils were continually running up and down on them, chastising them severely. In another still more terrible valley, huge dragons slowly devoured parts of the sinners, which continually grew out again, thus making the pain everlasting. Others suffered in like manner from serpents. An immense toad frightened the visitor. It sat on the shadowy body of a poor soul, threatening to swallow it; the soul cried with anguish, and yelled with pain, as it disappeared down the monster's throat. Suddenly, he found himself before a broad stream of fire, over which a crystal bridge was suspended, as narrow as the sharp edge of a knife. He crossed himself; the bridge grew wider, and, when he reached the opposite bank, behold! he was in the realm of the blessed. What he saw and heard there, he would never reveal; he returned to the upper world, sincerely repenting his sins, was baptized, and led henceforth a pious, Christian life.

The relations thus apparently established with the regions below led to many efforts to ascertain the fate of deceased persons by their surviving relatives. A Count of Thuringia offered a fine estate to the man who would bring him news of his father's fate. A poor soldier, desirous to earn the reward, enlisted his brother, a famous conjuror, in his interest, by a promise to give him half the farm, and, after long delays and with great tremor, he cited the Evil One, who promised to show him all he desired to see. He then beheld a huge well, closed by a lid, on which an uncommonly fierce devil was sitting; and, when he stated his errand, the well was opened, and a horn blown until he thought the noise would make heaven and earth fall to pieces. For hours vast masses of dense smoke came forth, amid which at last the soul of the count's father appeared above the opening of the well. He conjured his son to surrender certain lands to the Church, which he had promised, but failed, to bestow, and then sank back into the hideous vapors. The soldier returned, so altered that none of his friends recognized him; he refused the offered reward, went into a convent, and died in the odor of sanctity.

A French soldier, Tondal, who paid a visit below, gave a most lively account of his adventures. After having seen all that others had already reported, he found himself suddenly before a most formidable monster, Acheron, which smelled badly, and vomited flames. His gigantic stomach was filled with howling men and women. The angel who led the daring visitor coolly stepped aside, and at once Tondal was seized and pitched down into the mouth of the monster. The hideous company below received him with shouts of derision, and legions of dogs and lions, serpents and dragons, fell upon him, causing him unspeakable pain. After a while, the angel rescued him, benignly informing him that he had now expiated all his little sins but one. "You stole a cow once," he said; "there she is; carry her back to the other side of the lake." Tondal tried in vain to catch the refractory animal, while thousands of devils stood by, enjoying his troubles and disappointments. Then she had to be led across a narrow bridge, and constantly either the cow or the soldier fell into the deep morass underneath. At last the angel came again to his rescue, and Tondal found himself suddenly carried back to his bed, with a clear consciousness of relief from all his sins.

A rich miller of Germany refused to pay more than a pittance to a crusade which the pope had commanded, and boasted openly of his success in defying and defrauding the Church. One night, he suddenly hears his mill going; the servant sent to look after it returns pale and disconcerted, and then the miller, with a terrible oath, says: "I will see who makes my mill go, and were it Satan himself." He dresses himself quickly, and rushes up the steps. When he opens the door, he sees two coal-black, fiery horses, held by a black man, who orders him instantly to mount one, and to follow him. The poor miller lays aside his cloak with a cross on it, vaults into the saddle, and off they go at a furious rate. They went straight to hell, and the miller had to witness all the torments of the condemned; he saw his own parents, who cursed him for having defrauded the Church, and then the devil showed him a red-hot iron chair, with the words, "In three days thou wilt die; then thou comest hither to sit on that chair for all eternity." When the miller's wife, after waiting a long time for him, went at last in search of him, she found him stretched out on the floor of his mill, and quite delirious. In vain were physicians and priests called in; he refused their assistance, repeating the devil's words, and died after three days, spent in fearful agony.

Behind the entrance to hell—so report all those who have made visits below—lie two terrible beings. One is a woman of surpassing

beauty down to the waist, but ends in an immense serpent, stretching out her scaly body to an infinite distance, and terminating in a poisonous sting. This is Sin, the daughter who had no mother, but sprang from the head of Satan. She holds in her hands the keys of hell. The other being is dark as night, fierce like a revengeful deity, and more terrible than hell itself. In her hands she holds a sword that never rests, and a pale crown is placed on her head. For all is shadowy and vague about her, in vast, chaotic outlines. This is Death, the daughter of Satan and Sin.

THE DARIEN CANAL.

LATE advices from Panama seem most auspicious for the grand project of our Isthmian Ship-Canal. The number of routes suggested some years ago, for the canal, has dwindled down to two—that through Lake Nicaragua, and that directly along the line of the Aspinwall and Panama Railroad. The former of these, while requiring only twenty miles of connected and continued cutting, from Lake Nicaragua to the Pacific, involves the heavy additional work of dredging the San Juan River and constructing numerous locks and dams at intervals along its banks, before the Atlantic can be reached. The San Juan in the dry season, for thirty miles from the lake, is too shallow for vessels of an ordinary draught, unless it should be deepened. And, after these difficulties are surmounted, as doubtless they might be, the utility of the canal would be always precarious. Navigation must be safe and commodious, to tempt the seaman from "the great and wide sea." Although the passage by the Straits of Magellan is several hundred miles shorter, it is well known that sailing-masters prefer the stormy course around Cape Horn. The famous Caledonian Canal, running through Scotland, is deep enough for a thirty-six gun frigate, but is seldom used. The Eider Canal, connecting the German Ocean and the Baltic, was built for large vessels, but experience has proved that the passage by the sound is frequented in preference to the artificial cut, notwithstanding the latter is safer and shorter by four hundred and fifty miles.

The selection of a *direct* line for our transoceanic highway is commended by other considerations besides its profitability. The cost of a canal by Lake Nicaragua, it is estimated, would reach the amount of one hundred million dollars—about the cost of the Suez Canal. Lieutenant Strain's estimate for a canal from Aspinwall to Panama was eighty million dollars. It was the declared conviction of this distinguished explorer of the isthmus that the Darien route "presents the least difficulty, and is that alone which would admit of a thorough cut or artificial strait between the two oceans; the only species of water communication which would afford a probability of remunerating its projectors, and meeting the conditions required by the commerce of the world." Aspinwall, it is true, is not a harbor of the first class, but it can be made so by the construction of a breakwater costing five hundred thousand dollars. Panama harbor is secure and spacious. The fact that the Panama Railroad now runs along this line, greatly favors the adoption of the route for a canal. The railroad is there, to effect all the transportation of materials and supplies for the prosecution of the work—a facility the lack of which was a source of endless expense and delay at Suez. According to the report of Colonel Totten, the chief engineer of the railroad, the width of the isthmus is about forty-seven miles, and the highest elevation of its ridge above the sea-level is two hundred and eighty-seven feet.

With these surveys before it, the Government is prepared to enter into negotiations with Colombia, and the other powers interested, for the speedy initiation of the work. If the burden of the outlay is heavy, it will be divided between several shoulders, and, while the canal would give a mighty impulse to our impaired commerce, it would soon create an immense patronage for itself. The peculiar drawbacks and checks which beset the Suez Canal, from the physical features of the regions it lies in, and which must for a long time dwarf and delay its utility, are happily wanting at Darien. It is, perhaps, not yet too late, by a bold and united effort, to overtake the enterprise of the French engineer before it can be perfected, or at least before it can monopolize the great English China trade.

It was through Darien that the enterprising Spaniards penetrated, when they made their crowning discovery of the Great South Sea. It was through Darien that the Buccaneers—the Argonauts of the seventeenth century—found their way to the Pacific. And it is through

Darien that we may expect to see the most important and imposing work ever constructed or suggested for the improvement of the commerce of the world. To England and to America the speedy construction of the Darien Canal is of a consequence almost beyond calculation, for on it depends the control of the commerce of the East. If the Isthmus of Darien is left impassable to navigation, that commerce can hardly fail to be monopolized, as it was five centuries ago, by the countries on the Mediterranean.

The expedition just dispatched by the Washington authorities, to probe this matter, is under the command of Commander Thomas O. Selfridge, of the Navy. He sails in the Nipsic, as his flag-ship, and the store-ship Guard accompanies her. The party consists of two hundred and eighty-seven men, with a fine equipment and abundant supplies. Well armed against the savages, they propose to strike directly into the isthmus, from Caledonia Bay, and discover any breaks in the mountain through which a canal may be advantageously cut.

That the English are beginning to comprehend the state of the case, may be inferred from an article on the Suez Canal, in a recent number of *Once a Week*, from which we extract the following passages:

"That the Suez Canal will bring about a revolution in the commercial world is certain; the extent of the revolution must be left to future times to decide.

"With the new direct passage to the East, is there not every probability of the ports of North Africa and of South Europe becoming the great commercial emporiums of the future? The way is now clear from North America to Hindostan, and with the exception of the *détour* made by the Red Sea, the course is a direct one. The Mediterranean lies in the line between East and West, and may be said to connect both. What an enviable position! On the one hand America, flourishing, young, and active; on the other, India, surpassingly wealthy; and itself the connecting link whose shores, abounding with good ports, are almost everywhere the fringes of good and largely-yielding soil. Now is the time for Trieste and Marseilles to bestir themselves. The golden opportunity is offered, and the earliest bidder will obtain the greatest bargains. Who knows where will be the London, the preëminent commercial city of future times? It would be odd, indeed, if, contrary to all modern anticipations, it should not be in North America, but in one of the oldest districts of the Old World. The Old World is very much larger than the New; is as rich, or richer, in minerals; and contains a greater proportion of richly-productive soil. After consideration, then, it should not be surprising if the commercial supremacy which successively left Tyre, Rome, and Venice, should desert London—not for New York, but for some place on the ancient coast of the Mediterranean. Should this really happen (of course it is at present a mere speculation, and a few years will decide the probability or improbability of its ultimate occurrence), there can be no doubt that the Suez Canal will have been the great, if not the sole, cause of the regeneration of the world of the ancients.

"Let England not be blind to the probable influences of the Suez Canal. It behooves her particularly, of all the nations of the world, to be on the alert, even for events which it may take centuries to culminate, for she has the greatest interests at stake. She is now on the top of the pinnacle of glory, supported by the richest possessions, the most flourishing colonies, and the greatest commerce of the world.

"The greatness of England may be said to have had its foundation in the discovery of the Cape route to India. This event developed the energies of the nations of Western Europe, and its effects were almost immediately felt in the rapid rise of Spain, then of Portugal, next of Holland, and lastly of England. They are all nations possessing extensive coasts open to the Atlantic, and therefore received the benefits of the newly-found way to the large world. The discovery converted the Mediterranean into a comparatively small expanse of water, shut out of the wider world; and, ever since, the countries on its shores have gradually lessened in importance. England has become rich—while Eastern Spain, and Italy, and Greece, have become poor—because, by the Cape route, she is nearer to China and the East Indies. The fact stands on adamant. The inference is as true. The Cape route is, or will be in a few years, worthless for communication with the East, the way by Suez being the nearer and the safer. Our Eastern commerce must decline, as assuredly as that of South Europe will increase. Such must be the case, even should we continue our hold on India; and we cannot hope to preserve an ascendancy over three hundred millions of foreigners, if we begin to lose *prestige* in the world. Regarding Eastern commerce, a vigorous activity on the part of the Mediterranean states will be accompanied by a comparative decline on that of England; in other words, the salvation of the Mediterranean will be the ruin of England. But, some people will very naturally remark, we shall still have the American commerce in our hands, and the resources and wealth of

America are worthy of comparison with those of the East. Granted; but the retention of half a possession is no recompense for the loss of the other half. We may, however, cull some consolation from the philosophic reflection that half a good thing is better than none at all; and in that light we should be thankful for our own fortune. *America is now our last resource, and will be the friend to save us from utter bankruptcy and ruin.*

"If the Suez Canal had been completed a century or more ago, before the resources of the New World had been known and appreciated, there is much ground of probability in the supposition that our country would have sunk into respectable insignificance, and that the progress of America in civilization and prosperity would have been far less rapid than it has been under existing circumstances. So widely different must have been the course of events, and so gigantic are the interests concerned, that the subject fills the mind with amazement. Whole countries, nay, continents, would have been materially affected, and not merely a British colony at the Cape of Good Hope, as many persons erroneously suppose. We have, indeed, as Englishmen, much cause for congratulation upon the long delay in removing the barrier between European and Asiatic seas, until the present hour, when the productions of America have been so generally and so abundantly developed. *We cling to America as to the last hope of a sinking man.*

"These are gloomy forebodings for the future of our country. They will, undoubtedly, prove true in the end, unless England shakes off the foolish apathy with regard to foreign affairs, which seems to have taken possession of her during these last three or four years. She must not be content to confine her whole attention to her own island home, if she has the ambition still to be a power in the world. She must not selfishly withdraw her support from her young colonies, who need her guiding assistance now, but who will be her strong defenders or aiders in the future. She must not allow France or any other power again to undertake the grandest enterprise of the day. On the contrary, she must be ever bold and fearless, active and energetic in every quarter of the globe, resentful of every injury, and foremost in every great work. She has been overreached by the latest French movement. Let her apply a lesson from it, and avert the dangers now threatening her, by excavating a channel across the Isthmus of Panama. Let her begin this great work immediately—not a moment should be lost—and the rich Eastern and Southeastern lands of Asia will be within easy distance of her, by a new route in a direct line across the united Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. By this means only is the speedy destruction of our commercial interests and of our existence as a great independent nation to be prevented. The Panama Canal is the natural sequence of the successful piercing of the Isthmus of Suez; nay, more, it is absolutely necessary for the safety of England. Apart from its necessity to this country particularly, it will be extremely beneficial to the whole world in general, by reason of its inspiring fresh enterprising spirit of energy in men, and engendering emulations and instincts of progressive activity in nations. There is every reason, every necessity in the world, for the work to be commenced, and that quickly. The present is the golden time of opportunity—procrastination may snatch it away."

The interests of the United States in this matter are even greater than those of England, for a canal through the Isthmus of Darien would give us practically the control of the China and East-Indian trade, by reason of our position midway between the two extremities of the Old World; while, if our commerce with Asia has to be carried on chiefly through the Suez Canal, we shall suffer the disadvantages of being three thousand miles farther off than any other great maritime nation. It is therefore with great satisfaction that we record the fact of the recent sailing from the port of New York of the expedition under Commander Selfridge, of the United States Navy, sent out by the President to examine the routes across the isthmus, and to make arrangements with the Republic of Colombia for the construction and management of the proposed canal.

HEREDITARY GENIUS.*

MR. GALTON, in his able and interesting work, seems to have established the proposition that genius is hereditary under certain limitations of which we have as yet no certain knowledge. He claims to be the first to treat the subject in a statistical manner, to arrive at numerical results, and to introduce the "law of deviation from an average" into the discussion. He proposes to show in this book that a man's natural abilities are derived by inheritance under exactly the same limitations as are the form and physical features of

the whole organic world. Consequently, as it is easy, notwithstanding those limitations, to obtain by careful selection a permanent breed of dogs or horses, gifted with peculiar powers of running, or of doing any thing else, so, he maintains, it would be quite practicable to produce a highly-gifted race of men by judicious marriages during several consecutive generations. He declares that each generation has enormous power over the natural gifts of those that follow, and urges that it is a duty we owe to humanity to investigate the range of that power, and to exercise it in a way that, without being unwise toward ourselves, shall be most advantageous to future inhabitants of the earth.

The general plan of his argument is, to show that high reputation is a pretty accurate test of high ability; next, to discuss the relationships of a large body of fairly-eminent men—the judges of England from 1660 to 1865, the statesmen of the time of George III., and the English premiers during the last hundred years—and to obtain from these a general survey of the laws of heredity in respect to genius. He then examines, in order, the kindred of the most illustrious commanders, men of literature and of science, poets, painters, and musicians, of whom history speaks, and discusses the kindred of a certain selection of divines and of modern scholars. Then follows a short chapter, by way of comparison, on the hereditary transmission of physical gifts, as deduced from the relationships of certain classes of oarsmen and wrestlers. And, lastly, these various investigations and illustrations are carefully collated, and the general results and conclusions stated.

The number of men of extraordinary and acknowledged genius who have appeared throughout the whole historical period of human existence is stated by Mr. Galton to amount to only about four hundred, and yet a considerable proportion of these, he says, will be found to be interrelated. He says:

"I have taken little notice in this book of modern men of eminence who are not English, or at least well known to Englishmen. I feared, if I included large classes of foreigners, that I should make glaring errors. It requires a very great deal of labor to hunt out relationships, even with the facilities afforded to a countryman having access to persons acquainted with the various families; much more would it have been difficult to hunt out the kindred of foreigners. I should have especially liked to investigate the biographies of Italians and Jews, both of whom appear to be rich in families of high intellectual breeds. Germany and America are also full of interest. It is a little less so with respect to France, where the Revolution and the guillotine made sad havoc among the progeny of her abler races."

It should be noted, however, that this number of four hundred eminent men comprises only those who have become famous in the annals of the so-called civilized races. Doubtless, the number would be more than doubled if the great men of China, Japan, India, Arabia, Tartary, and other countries outside the pale of civilization, were taken into account.

The arguments by which Mr. Galton endeavors to prove that genius is hereditary consist in showing how large is the number of instances in which men who are more or less illustrious have eminent kinsfolk. He first investigates the family relations of the English judges between 1660 and 1865, who form a group peculiarly well adapted to afford a general outline of the extent and limitations of heredity in respect to genius. A judgeship is a guarantee of its possessor being gifted with exceptional ability. A seat on the bench is a great prize, to be won by the best men. If not always the foremost, the judges are among the foremost of a vast body of legal men. The English census of 1861 shows that there are in the kingdom upward of three thousand barristers, advocates, and special pleaders; and it must be recollected that these do not consist of three thousand men taken at hap-hazard, but a large part of them are already selected, and it is from these, by a second process of selection, that the judges are mainly derived; and the fact of every judge having been taken from the foremost rank of three thousand of them is proof that his exceptional ability is of an enormously higher order than if the three thousand barristers had been conscripts, drawn by lot from the general mass of their countrymen.

There are two hundred and eighty-six judges included within the limits of Mr. Galton's inquiry, and of these one hundred and nine have one or more eminent relations. The judges, in fact, are so largely interrelated, that one hundred and nine of them are grouped into only eighty-five families. And what is remarkable is, that the greater the ability of the judges, the larger is the average of their able relations. There are thirty lord-chancellors within Mr. Galton's limits, and of

* Hereditary Genius: an Inquiry into its Laws and Consequences. By Francis Galton, F.R.S. D. Appleton & Co.

these twenty-four have eminent relations. We quote the following striking list of the most notable of these relationships:

"1. Earl Bathurst and his daughter's son, the famous judge, Sir F. Buller. 2. Earl Camden and his father, Chief-Justice Pratt. 3. Earl Clarendon and the remarkable family of Hyde, in which were two uncles and one cousin, all English judges, besides one Welsh judge, and many other men of distinction. 4. Earl Cowper, his brother the judge, and his great-nephew the poet. 5. Earl Eldon and his brother Lord Stowell. 6. Lord Erskine, his eminent legal brother the Lord-Advocate of Scotland, and his son the judge. 7. Earl Nottingham and the most remarkable family of Finch. 8, 9, 10. Earl Hardwicke and his son, also a lord-chancellor, who died suddenly, and that son's great-uncle, Lord Somers, also a lord-chancellor. 11. Lord Herbert, his son a judge, his cousins Lord Herbert of Cherbury and George the poet and divine. 12. Lord King and his uncle, John Locke the philosopher. 13. The infamous but most able Lord Jeffreys had a cousin just like him, namely, Sir J. Trevor, master of the rolls. 14. Lord Guilford is member of a family to which I simply despair of doing justice, for it is linked with connections of such marvellous ability, judicial and statesmanlike, as to deserve a small volume to describe it. It contains thirty first-class men in near kinship, including Montagus, Sydneys, Herberts, Dudleys, and others. 15. Lord Truro had two able legal brothers, one of whom was chief justice at the Cape of Good Hope; and his nephew is an English judge, recently created Lord Penzance. I will here mention Lord Lyttleton, lord-keeper of Charles I., although many members of his most remarkable family do not fall within my limits. His father, the Chief Justice of North Wales, married a lady the daughter of Sir J. Walter, the Chief Justice of South Wales, and also sister of an English judge. She bore him Lord-Keeper Lyttleton, also Sir Timothy, a judge. Lord Lyttleton's daughter's son (she married a cousin) was Sir T. Lyttleton, the speaker of the House of Commons."

Out of the two hundred and eighty-six judges, more than one in every nine of them have been either father, son, or brother, to another judge, and the other high legal relationships have been even more numerous. There cannot, then, remain a doubt but that the peculiar type of ability that is necessary to a judge is often transmitted by descent. But, besides this, it must be remembered that, together with their legal relations, the judges have many relations of eminence in other walks of life. A long list might be made out of those who had bishops and archbishops for kinsmen. No less than ten judges have a bishop or an archbishop for a brother. Of these, Sir William Dolben was brother to one archbishop of York, and son of the sister of another, namely, of John Williams, who was also the lord-keeper to James I. There are cases of poet-relations, as Cowper, Coleridge, Milton, Sir Thomas Overbury, and Waller. There are numerous relatives who are novelists, physicians, admirals, and generals.

Mr. Galton extends his investigations in like manner through a long array of statesmen, commanders, authors, musicians, painters, divines, and even to oarsmen and wrestlers—the result of his researches into the history of noted specimens of these last two classes being that muscle as well as mind is hereditary. In his general comparison of results, he reckons the chances of kinsmen of illustrious men rising; or having risen, to eminence, to be fifteen and one-half to one hundred, in the case of fathers; thirteen and one-half to one hundred, in the case of brothers; twenty-four to one hundred, in the case of sons. Or, putting these and the remaining proportions into a more convenient form, we obtain the following results: In the first grade, the chance of the father is one to six; of each brother, one to seven; of each son, one to four. In the second grade, of each grandfather, one to twenty-five; of each uncle, one to forty; of each nephew, one to forty; of each grandson, one to twenty-nine. In the third grade, the chance of each member is about one to two hundred, excepting in the case of first-cousins, where it is one to one hundred.

Mr. Galton questions the correctness of the common opinion that able men generally marry silly women. On the contrary, he says investigation shows that the average of the wives of distinguished men is above mediocrity. In support of this view, he adduces two arguments as not without weight. First, the lady whom a man marries is very commonly one whom he has often met in the society of his own friends, and therefore not likely to be a silly woman. She is also usually related to some of them, and therefore has a probability of being hereditarily gifted. Secondly, as a matter of fact, a large number of eminent men marry eminent women. Of this he cites the following instances: Philip II. of Macedon and Olympias; Caesar and Cleopatra; Marlborough and his most able wife; "Helvetius married a charming lady, whose hand was also sought by both Franklin and Turgot; Au-

gust Wilhelm von Schlegel was heart and soul devoted to Madame de Staël; Necker's wife was a blue-stocking of the purest hue; Robert Stephens, the learned printer, had Petronella for his wife; the lord-keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and the great Lord Burleigh, married two of the highly-accomplished daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke." Every one of these names are those of decidedly eminent women, and Mr. Galton thinks that they establish the existence of a tendency of "like to like" among intellectual men and women, and make it most probable that the marriages of illustrious men with intellectual women are very common. On the other hand, he says, there is no evidence of a strongly-marked antagonistic taste—of clever men liking really half-witted women. A man may be conscious of serious defects in his character, and select a wife to supplement what he wants; as a shy man may be attracted by a woman who has no other merits than those of a talker and manager. Also, a young, awkward philosopher may accredit the first girl who cares to show an interest in him with greater intelligence than she possesses. But these are exceptional instances; the great fact remains that able men take pleasure in the society of intelligent women, and, if they can find such as would, in other respects, be suitable, they will marry them in preference to mediocrities.

It would require more space than we have to spare, to do full justice to Mr. Galton's very curious and entertaining book, of which we shall now take leave by citing his answer to a very common and obvious objection to his theory. He says:

"People who do not realize the nature of my arguments have constantly spoken to me to this effect: 'It is of no use your quoting successes, unless you take failures into equal account. Eminent men may have eminent relations, but they also have very many who are ordinary, or even stupid, and there are not a few who are either eccentric or downright mad.' I perfectly allow all this, but it does not in the least affect the cogency of my arguments. If a man breeds from strong, well-shaped dogs, but of mixed pedigree, the puppies will be sometimes, but rarely, the equals of their parents. They will commonly be of a mongrel, non-descript type, because ancestral peculiarities are apt to crop out in the offspring. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it is easy to develop the desirable characteristics of individual dogs into the assured heirloom of a new breed. The breeder selects the puppies that most nearly approach the wished-for type, generation after generation, until they have no ancestor, within many degrees, that has objectionable peculiarities. So it is with men and women. Because one or both of a child's parents are able, it does not in the least follow, as a matter of necessity, but only as one of moderately unfavorable odds, that the child will be able also. He inherits an extraordinary mixture of qualities displayed in his grandparents, great-grandparents, and more remote ancestors, as well as from those of his father and mother. The most illustrious and so-called 'well-bred' families of the human race, are utter mongrels as regards their natural gifts of intellect and disposition. What I profess to prove is this: that, if two children are taken, of whom one has a parent exceptionally gifted in a high degree—say as one in four thousand, and as one in a million—and the other has not, the former child has an enormously greater chance of turning out to be gifted in a high degree than the other. Also, I argue that, as a new race can be obtained in animals and plants, and can be raised to so great a degree of purity that it will maintain itself, with moderate care in preventing the more faulty members of the flock from breeding, so a race of gifted men might be obtained, under exactly similar conditions."

CONDENSATION VERSUS LITERATURE.

OCCASIONALLY the journalist who, like the preacher, lives by the amplification of a few simple ideas, whose daily task is to beat out the sense of a few facts into several hundred words of "editorial matter," wearied with his attenuating work, struck with the vanity of much expression, with no other means but repetition to make an impression, seldom thinking of the aim and of the reward of the literary artist, which is beauty, cries out against the futility and barrenness of verbosity, and, alarmed by the enfeebling effects of mental flux, tells us that condensation is the first requirement, and that the best style is the costive, or repressed style; that, of all excellent things in literature, compression of expression is the most excellent.

Because this extravagant claim for condensation of matter and repression of expression is fatal to the very idea of literature, because it shows an insensibility to the very object of the literary artist, because it is a violation of the very philosophy of expression, and im-

peaches the work of the greatest writers, it is worth while to ask ourselves how much of it is true. If it is true in literature, then all great writers have illustrated a false principle, and have incessantly violated the rule of our unhappy journalist.

Literature is the blossoming into expression of the human faculties. The very principle of its life is involved in abundant and unrestrained expression; it is a flowering of human experience, and condensation is no more the law of its ultimate manifestation, than it is the law of the bursting bloom of an apple-bough in spring-time. So far as it addresses us, it is by its abundance and expansiveness; it is by the very prodigality of its manifestation that it charms us.

But we shall do still better to refer to great writers, and see how far they are from illustrating the dictum of the journalist who believes condensation the object of every literary artist or good writer. For example, condense the style of the inimitable and interminable Sterne; compress "The Sentimental Journey" and "Tristram Shandy!" and what would you have of the supple and expansive and delightful and unforeseen graces of expression, the sallies of wit, the glow of humor, which now make that eighteenth-century book fresh and dear to us? Condense the opulent Ruskin! In other words, pluck his gorgeous plumage, and make him like any common door-yard fowl, ready for our market! and what would remain of Ruskin's means to give pleasure as a writer?

It is hardly worth while to read a lesson at length to an intelligent man—a few indications should serve as well. It should be sufficient for us to make a few affirmations, which carry their own demonstration. As, for example, the very idea of modern literature is involved in a free and expansive expression of experience. The great French writers, Rousseau, Diderot, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, and George Sand, have an abundant and expansive style; the masters of our English tongue, Sterne, Burke, Carlyle, Ruskin, and De Quincey, are also expansive and abundant, and, by example, oppose the condensed, the barren, the prosaic—the style which is best symbolized by a broom-handle—that is, the plain style, without the power of fructifying, without the most distant prospect of "flowering out," as it is disdainfully called. It is true enough that the business of the ordinary political journalist is best carried on by means of the plain and condensed style; that Cobbett has given the most striking example of this style. But this is not literature, but business; this style does not mean pleasure, but work; it holds no æsthetic element, it has no æsthetic object. But even Cobbett occasionally became fatigued with the sound of his sledge-hammer sentences, and did not disdain a flower of rhetoric. But our victim of verbal excess advocates a constipated style! The easy and unrestrained expression of a Heine, the prolonged and leisurely-told story of an Irving, the incessant aggregations of an Emerson, the labyrinthine involutions of Jean Paul, must be suppressed, compressed, condensed, and made over after the fashion of the model plain style! All literature, up to the date of our New-York journalist, is a floral imposition, a vain consumer of the time of the modern man, who is determined to have his vegetables desiccated, his milk condensed, his meats potted, and his flowers fixed in odorless but permanent bloom! Meantime, for the few simple people, artists and poets and lovers of Nature, who use their eyes, in truth, enjoy the senses and faculties they can call their own—people who sigh for a less sophisticated society, and would rather live with Theocritus in Greece than with Greeley in America, would rather walk with the expansive Diderot in Paris than with the condensed journalist in New York, would rather adopt the maxims of an æsthetic people than be limited to the critical sense of the American press—what have we to offer? If we listen to native criticism, in the "winter of our discontent," we must become frigid, rather than floral in expression, we must condense rather than expand, we must be "curtailed of our fair proportions," and, like the unattractive Gloster, not made "to entertain these fair, well-spoken days," descant on our deformities, and pluck every flower of social pleasure—every root of national hope.

Shakespeare's example has fixed for all time the fact that the genius of our literature is an expansive and opulent one—not a restrained and curtailed manifestation of power. In Shakespeare, the pressure of matter, and the abundance of expression—the prodigality with which he uses a rich and varied vocabulary—should satisfy us, if we determine to decide the question by authority.

Let us have "glorious summer" in our written style, or delicious spring, or the abundance of autumn—any thing but Cobbett and con-

densation in literature. Condense De Quincey's dreams, and Shakespeare's reflections, rob Shelley of his expansiveness, and forbid the chaste Emerson his rhapsody, and to what a poor and common garb of customary inexpressiveness should we speedily habituate ourselves! The logic of condensation in literature would make us resemble each other like brothers, and we should not have any verbal sign of difference between Greeley and Hurlbut.

TABLE-TALK.

MUCH has been said, at different times, about the decline of deportment; and Mr. Dickens, in caricaturing the manners of the last century, in his absurdly-amusing burlesque of Mr. Turveydrop, has contributed not a little to the popular depreciation of these old-fashioned, stately manners, once so highly honored. There was, no doubt, a good deal of stiffness and artificiality in the elaborate courtesy practised by our fathers; but it had its charm, we think. Besides, manners must be guarded by certain rigid rules, if we would not have politeness disappear altogether. When a little more freedom of manner, an easier address, a less elaborate formality in intercourse, came in, the relaxation was doubtless very keenly welcomed by many persons. To escape from the rigid laws of society; to be free, natural, easy, familiar; to sit in the presence of ladies; to dismiss an acquaintance in the street with a touch to the rim of the hat, instead of by a pretentious bow; to sit cross-legged; to do a hundred easy, graceful, but rather impertinent things, captivated the fancy of young men, and undoubtedly gave a new and unexpected relish to social intercourse. But what has been the result? The relaxation of a few rigid rules to the demand for the free and the off-hand, has been followed by ceaseless concessions to the same spirit, until at last there is scarcely a rule of politeness left. Everybody now does pretty much as he pleases without reference to anybody else, and men and women jostle each other all day long, neither exacting nor yielding respect. Contrast the "deportment" of an old-school gentleman, as bareheaded he hands a lady from her door to her carriage, and remains uncovered and bowing until she is driven off; or at a public hotel, as he springs to his feet when a lady enters the dining-room, even if she be a stranger, and remains standing and silent until she is seated—contrast this politeness with the manners of a gentleman in our street-cars, as he hurries himself in his newspaper, stretches his legs across the passage-way, and remains absorbed, heedless, and surly, while ladies standing here and there are desperately endeavoring to keep their feet—and say whether the restoration of the old, forced, artificial courtesy, pompous and stiff as it might have been, would not be better than this utter lack of civility, this supreme indifference to the comfort of others. If there can be no intermediate place between an over-formal politeness and rude disrespect, let us go back at once and fortify ourselves within all the old circumspect methods of our fathers.

—An irate Frenchman of the old régime once deliberately challenged an Englishman for sending him a letter sealed with a wafer. "What right," said the punctilious Gaul, "has one gentleman to send another his saliva?" What would this Frenchman say if he were living to-day, and saw how wax and seal had gone out altogether, and given place to the gummed envelope? What would he think of a generation that possessed so little good breeding, so little regard for decency and propriety, that all its correspondence is characterized by an exchange of saliva? In the rough hurry of business, this custom of sticking our letters together with our lips may be tolerated; but let us imagine a gentleman inditing a note to a lady. His sheet of note-paper, thick, creamy, without vulgar ruling, daintily stamped with the writer's monogram, is in every way elegant—quite superior, indeed, to the clumsy, old-fashioned letter-sheet. The note is handsomely and neatly written, too; not in the chirography of a writing-master or of a book-keeper, but with a penmanship—every age has its characteristic penmanship—that is at once simple, choice, stylish, possibly a little obscure, but as far from the letter-press style of a copy-book as from the rude pithooks of a schoolboy. This neat and unexceptionable epistle, designed for some lady's dainty fingers, is no sooner written than it is hastily folded, slipped into an envelope, the lappet of which, without hesitation, is applied to the tongue, and then, all moist as it is, roughly pressed down with the thumb! Could any thing be more inelegant, tasteless, even offensive? How differently a letter of the kind would have been sealed forty years ago! A wax-

taper would have been lighted; a choice bit of wax selected; the seal-ring laid at hand. Then the wax, cautiously ignited, would have been held carefully over the letter, and the melted wax daintily dropped in its proper place; then skilfully the seal would have been pressed upon the yielding compound, and, in a moment more, the letter would carry the signet of its writer, deftly and beautifully engraved upon the polished wax. A good deal more elegant this, the reader will admit, than thumb and spittle. This substitution of moistened gum for wax and seal is, of course, but a trifle, but it is a trifle that stands as an index to a whole chapter of changes in our modes of doing things; it represents that decay of "deportment" to which we have referred in the preceding paragraph; it is one of the signs of our modern looseness, informality, and decline of courtesy. Our correspondence is elegant enough so far as stationery is concerned; this—for we have money, and are lavish—we can buy; but those marks about a letter which show our care, our punctiliousness, our deference, which are, as it were, so many terms of respect, we are entirely heedless about. In the days of the Frenchman we have quoted, it was considered an insult to send a gentleman a letter sealed with a wafer—is it not now, after all, a little derogatory to forward an epistle wet with our saliva? It is not a very dainty habit, surely.

— We hope our intention of a brief gossip about skates and skating will not injuriously affect the spirits of our readers. No doubt, skating is a sore subject, this season of balmy airs and soft winds, with many a disappointed lover of the sport; but, possibly before February is out, old Winter may awake for a brief period to his ancient energies, and, congealing the surface of the waters, allow courage, and beauty, and grace, once more to render our lakes and rivers animated and picturesque. How supremely beautiful is skating in all its relations! The cold blasts of the North make the waves prisoners. Calm and congealed they lie like a fairy-land. Upon his steel-clad feet the expert and practised skater darts like a messenger of the elements over the wondrous plain. No Murillo in multitudinous borderings exceeds the limning of the artist on ice, as he gracefully courses in rounded orbits. Now forward, backward, or sidewise, his movements almost superhuman in their velocity—dartings, boundings, convolutions—all are equally easy to the accomplished skater. Writing on this subject, Theodore Winthrop said:

"Pluck is the first; it is always the first quality. Then enthusiasm. Then patience. Then pertinacity. Then a fine æsthetic faculty—in short, good taste. Then an orderly and submissive mind, that can consent to act in accordance with the laws of art. Circumstances, too, must have been reasonably favorable. That well-known skeptic, the King of tropical Bantam, could not skate, because he had never seen ice, and doubted the existence of solid water. Widdrington, after the battle of Chevy Chase, could not have skated, because he had no legs—poor fellow!

"But granted the ice and the legs, then if you begin in the elastic days of youth, when cold does not sting, tumbles do not bruise, and duckings do not wet; if you have pluck and ardor enough to try every thing; if you work slowly ahead and stick to it; if you have good taste and a lively invention; if you are a man, and not a lubber; then, in fine, you may become a great skater, just as with equal power and equal pains you may put your grip on any kind of greatness."

Possibly our readers will be interested in a brief historic glance at this animated sport. The earliest reference to the skate is found in the literature of the Scandinavians, of the tenth century, in which the god Uller is mentioned as distinguished by his beauty, his arrows, and his *scates*, and a Northern hero named Kolsen boasts of seven accomplishments, one of which was that he could

"Traverse the snow on *scates* of wood."

But the originators of the skate, in its modern scientific use, were undoubtedly the cavaliers of Holland—that country of which Goldsmith said, "The broad ocean leans against the land"—who, as early as the sixteenth century, began to disport upon the frozen canals. In the year 1662, Samuel Pepys, the prince of journalists, accompanied the Duke of York to the land of William the Silent, and on the 15th of December he records in his quaint diary as follows: "To the Duke, and followed him into the Park, where, though the ice was broken, he would go and slide upon his *skaits*, which I did not like, but he slides pretty well." The fact that Holland is a "nation of skaters," is not so much due to its very low winter temperature, as to the semi-aquatic character of the whole country. Its system of canals gives larger facilities for skating than any region of a similar winter character

enjoys. The Dutch in early days made the art of skating subservient to the necessities of war, as we learn, from an old work published in 1688, that "the nimble Dutchmen on their *scates* did shoot down the French, like ducks diving under water, so long as the yce would bear them." The art of skating first made its way to England from the dikes and canals of Holland about the middle of the seventeenth century. Skates of a rude and primitive character were, however, known among the English as early as the days of Elizabeth. The historian Stow, in his "Survey of London," published in 1598, says:

"When the great moor which washeth Moorfields at the north wall of the city is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport upon the ice; then fetching a run, and setting their feet at a distance, and placing their bodies sideways, they slide a great way. Others take heaps of ice, as if it were great mill-stones, and make seats; many going before, draw him that sits thereon, holding one another by the hand in going so fast; some slipping with their feet, all fall down together; some are better practised on the ice, and bind to their shoes bones, as the legs of some beasts, and hold stakes in their hands headed with sharp iron, which sometimes they strike against the ice; and these men go with speed as doth a bird in the air, or darts shot from some warlike engine; sometimes two men set themselves at a distance, and run one against another, as it were a tilt, with these stakes, where-with one or both parties are thrown down, not without some hurt to their bodies: and after fall, by reason of the violent motion, are carried a good distance from one another; and wheresoever the ice doth touch the head it rubs off all the skin, and lays it bare; and if one falls upon his leg or arm, it is usually broken; but young men, greedy of honor and desirous of victory, do thus exercise themselves in counterfeited battles, that they may bear the brunt more strongly when they come to it in good earnest."

More than a century later Dean Swift writes in his journal: "Delicate walking weather, and the canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the Rabble sliding, and with *skaits* if you know what that is." Thomson, in his "Seasons," published in 1726, has the following reference to the subject of our gossip:

"All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games,
Confederate imitation of the chase
And woodland pleasures."

In this country the use of the skate has been known since the days of Standish and Stuyvesant, but it is only within the past score of winters that skating has become a fashionable amusement, in which now the young of both sexes seem equally fond of indulging. The clubs which have been organized in the cities of Canada, and throughout the Northern States, and the carnivals on ice which have taken place every season since the laying out of the Central Park as a public pleasure-ground, attest the interest which is felt in this most healthful of all out-door exercise, and the most glorious of all our winter sports.

"We teach our children to sing, but we never teach them to speak," says a writer on the cultivation of the voice. This does not mean that we are entirely inattentive to grammar, or that we never correct a marked error in pronunciation; but that the culture of tone is nearly unknown among us. Almost all Americans have the head voice, and our women particularly have a shrill, sharp cadence that is peculiarly unpleasant to a sensitive ear. That "soft and low voice," which Shakespeare tells us is "an excellent thing in women"—this sentiment has been quoted enough to have rendered all woman-kind sweet-voiced, had the admirable lesson been sufficiently heeded—this sort of voice may come by fortune, chance, or native delicacy, but is very rarely ever cultivated in our young people. The voice is an index of character and of culture. Whenever a woman's voice is "soft and low," if not an oily, insinuating, and deceitful one, the owner is sure to have sensibility, tenderness, and largeness of soul. It was the noble Cordelia, recollect, whose voice old Lear commended; the fierce, vain, selfish, cold-hearted Regan and Goneril must have betrayed their dispositions in a hundred shrewish trills. While a loud-voiced woman is vulgar, she may possess an honest, hearty nature; but a shrill-voiced woman is not only of an acid temperament—her whole composition is thin, meagre, and without generous appreciations. But, while the voice is thus a condition of character, culture would do much to smooth down its asperities, and give it mellowness and sweetness. "In consequence of our neglect of this cultivation we have," says the writer already quoted from, "all sorts of odd voices among us—short, yelping voices like dogs, purring voices like cats, croakings and lisping, and quackings, and chattering; a very menagerie in fact, to be heard in a room ten feet square, when a little

rational cultivation would have reduced the whole of that vocal chaos to order and harmony, and made what is now painful and distasteful beautiful and seductive."

— Most singular blunders are sometimes made by art-critics, men of educated taste, and lovers of the works on which they descant. The Abbé Du Bois had justly acquired in his day a reputation for nicety of discernment and soundness of judgment, yet, in pointing out the beauties of the celebrated Raphael cartoons, which long ornamented that sombre receptacle of works of art, Hampton-Court Palace, and more recently the South-Kensington Museum, London, he commits the following glaring error: After appropriately commending many of the figures in the cartoon of "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," he calls particular attention to a figure which he greatly admires, in which, he says, "it is easy to distinguish Judas;" and he then proceeds to speak of "the confused countenance, melancholy complexion, and the expression of black jealousy," as characteristics of the apostate! What a strange muddle is here! The time chosen by the artist is the third appearance of Our Lord after His resurrection, and consequently after Judas had hanged himself. It was bad enough to impute such an anachronism to Raphael, but far worse to exhibit such unfamiliarity with the writings of the Evangelists. A previous draught of fishes, recorded by St. Luke (chap. v.), may have confused the learned abbé, but here the net was broken, and Judas was certainly not present, as we see from what follows; whereas, in St. John (chap. xxi.), we are distinctly told that the net was not broken, and this is the text evidently illustrated in the cartoon. Neither St. Matthew nor St. Mark, although referring to the occasion spoken of by St. Luke, makes any mention of either miracle. If the abbé had had recourse to a numerical test, he would have found only twelve figures, and one of them Our Lord.

— Mr. Fechter continues our leading dramatic attraction, and gains continually in public favor. It is necessary to get familiar with his style, to learn to forget his peculiarities of accent and manner, before one can fully appreciate all the beauties of his acting. His performances have been attended by a class of people not usually seen at theatres—that fastidious public to whom ordinary acting has no charms, and which rarely comes out of its seclusion to attend public entertainments. Fechter has not yet appeared as Hamlet; and it is rumored that he will not act this character during his engagement at Niblo's, but will appear in it at Booth's, alternating with Mr. Booth.

Art.

THE third annual exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-colors is now held at the National Academy of Design, in this city.

Although the number of pictures is small (many of the strongest names of the society not being on the list of contributors), we are glad to see that the average of technical power is manifestly raised, at the same time the interest is varied. And, although the public encouragement of this branch of art is still at freezing-point in this country, yet may the water-colorists take heart of courage from the paradoxical philosophy that the demand for education is created by the supply, and that, by hard and earnest work, they may at last conquer the established prejudice. If the fear of the permanence of the color could be dispelled, and the mind of the public convinced that their apprehensions in this particular are unfounded, there would, without doubt, be a far more extended appreciation of water-color painting in America than there is. In most other countries, England in particular, it is a flourishing branch of art.

The constant and ever-recurring question of the public, "Are the colors permanent?" may be satisfactorily answered by more than one example in the present exhibition. No. 364, by John Callow, executed more than thirty years ago, is as fresh and bright as the day it was painted. If this is not old enough, we will refer the reader to the frescoes (water-color) of Giotto in the Campo Santo of Pisa. Exposed as they are to the open air, and the general decay so great that the very walls on which they are painted are crumbling away, they also stand apparently as fresh in color as the day they were painted. And many other examples could be named. We say nothing of the still brilliant water-colors in the Pyramids of Egypt.

Among the few figure-painters of the society, Mr. Fredericks is the most satisfactory in his picture of "Maud Muller" (358); in many respects the best treatment of the subject we have seen.

In Mr. Darley's farm-yard scene (285), there is certainly a falling-off from last year.

Mrs. Murray sends several of her well-known Spanish subjects.

First among the landscape contributions must come those of the president of the society, Samuel Colman. His larger work, "Among the Adirondacks" (367), is very strong; notice particularly the treatment of the foreground foliage. "Stratford Church" (390) has also many points of beauty. Mr. J. D. Smillie gives us (in 416) an entirely different treatment of an Adirondack subject from the above. Mr. Swain Gifford sends two sketches; "On the California Coast" (373) is the most satisfactory. Mr. Magrath comes out in an entirely new style this year; among his several drawings, his "Study on the East River" (324) is very strong in color, and original in treatment. Mr. F. Durand's "Shanty in the Woods" (296) has a great deal of good, conscientious work in it, but rather hard in treatment. Mr. Burling's French architectural subject (386) is by far the best thing we have seen of his in water-colors. Mr. Wyant's works are never without a pleasant sentiment; see his Montauk study (465). Of Mr. Charles Ward's numerous contributions, 348 and 328 are worthy of notice as specimens of faithful work, if not altogether satisfactory. Mr. L. C. Tiffany, a new name among the water-colorists, shows great promise in his forest study (404).

Mr. J. M. Falconer's "Sketch on the Dutch Coast" (312) is a charming little bit of color. Mr. Edward Evans's study of a show-yard (287) is very lovely.

There are some other names worthy of notice, but our space will not admit them.

Scientific Notes.

GEOLOGISTS are much interested in the results of the exploration of the deep sea made last summer, in H. M. S. Porcupine, by Dr. Carpenter, Prof. Wyville Thomson, and Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys. Chief among the physical facts discovered is, that, while the surface of the sea may have a temperature of fifty-two degrees, there are cold tracts and warm tracts below, existing within a short distance of each other, and marked by characteristic differences. The bottom of the cold tract is formed of barren sandstone, mingled with fragments of older rock, inhabited but by a few animals, and those mostly of the arctic kinds. In the adjacent warm area, on the contrary, the bottom is cretaceous, and abounding with life. Now, suppose these two tracts upheaved, and become dry land. Geologists would naturally believe them to have been formed at different times, and under very different circumstances; and yet here we find them contemporaneous and almost conterminous. Here, then, is a fact which will have to be considered in all future discussions about what is called "geological time." Another fact established by this exploration, and contrary to long-received opinion, is that, in the deepest seas yet examined, nearly two thousand five hundred fathoms, the bottom teems with animal life, the animals having perfect eyes. This at once upsets the long-received notion that the depths of the sea were devoid of life and of light. The life is now an established fact, and the light may be inferred; for, if there be no light down in these abysses, why have the animals eyes? The whole account of the exploration above named, with its leading results, was given by Dr. Carpenter at the first two evening-meetings of the Royal Society for the present session. Interesting as it was, there is yet much more to come out of it; in the mean time, it suggests important questions. If ordinary daylight penetrates to the bottom of the sea, how does it penetrate? or is there at the bottom some kind of phosphorescent light? If a photograph could be taken deep down in the sea, that would testify to the presence of daylight. As to the breathing of the animals at the bottom, there is no difficulty; for Mr. Graham has shown, by his liquid diffusion of gases, that air may be diffused downward to the greatest depths.

Mr. Winwood Reade, an Englishman already favorably known by his narrative of travel in Western Africa, recently started from Sierra Leone on an expedition to explore the interior of the African Continent. Communications have been received from him stating that travelling on a line to the southeast of the routes of Park and Caillie, he has reached a point farther south than any of his predecessors. The solitary traveller, after surmounting many difficulties, was rewarded by reaching a hitherto unknown town named Farbana, situate about ten degrees north latitude, and ten degrees west longitude. He had crossed several rivers, and was among the head-waters of the Niger. Farbana contains about ten thousand inhabitants, well disposed, and eager for trade. Mr. Reade mentions his having experienced protection and help from the Sultan of Bornou; we suppose by orders issued to his subordinate chiefs and headmen, in this outlying district of his kingdom.

Authentic cases of the successful treatment of snake-bites are of some interest. Dr. Bell supplies two in his "New Tracks in North America." On the Rio Grande, in October, 1867, two horses were bitten by the same rattlesnake, while grazing. A few hours afterward, the submaxillary, parotid, and all glands situated about the head and neck, were greatly enlarged; from the nostrils and gums, a clear, mucous dis-

charge ran down; the eyes were glairy, with the pupils greatly dilated, and the coat was rough and staring. To each animal Dr. Bell gave half a pint of whiskey, with a little water, and half an ounce of ammonia, while the wounds were fomented with a strong infusion of tobacco, and afterward poulticed with chopped tobacco-leaves. Both horses recovered. One, although reduced in flesh, and thrown out of condition, was fit for work in a week, but the other only just escaped with his life, becoming a perfect skeleton, and only commencing to mend at the end of three months. Dr. Bell adds that a little weed, common throughout the Western States (called by Engelmann, *Euphorbia lata*, and by Torney, *E. dilatata*), is said to be a specific for the bite of the rattlesnake; but, at the very time the plant was wanted, it could not be found, although continually met with elsewhere along the route, so that the experiment could not be tried.

The Russian Government is making a very important experiment. The Oxus now flows into the Sea of Aral. It once flowed into the Caspian, its old bed being still visible enough to be a feature in maps. If it could be brought back, the Russians would have an unbroken and impregnable water-communication from the Baltic to the heart of Khiva, and, with further improvements to Balkh, would, in fact, be able to ship stores at Cronstadt for Central Asia, and send them without land-carriage. The addition to their power would be enormous; for instance, they could send ten thousand riflemen almost to Afghanistan by water, and without any sound audible to the West, and their engineers think it can be secured. An energetic officer, with eighteen hundred men, is already on the south bank of the Caspian; the natives are reported "friendly"—that is, we suppose, quiet—and the Russian Government has the means, through its penal regiments, of employing forced labor on a great scale.

From a series of observations conducted with great care at Monaco, on the shores of the Mediterranean, a French scientist reports to the Academy the presence of a stratum of air two hundred feet high, extending for miles inland, which is constantly impregnated with saline particles. This saline stratum, the writer asserts, is found on all sea-coasts, is independent of barometric pressure or the hygrometric state of the atmosphere, and is due to the "pulverization" of the sea-water by the breaking of the surf upon the rocks. He contends that the phenomenon he points out must not be confounded with what is commonly known as "spray," which is of a coarse nature, and entirely local in character.

Benzole has been applied to a somewhat novel purpose. If poured on a piece of ordinary paper, immediate transparency is produced, to such an extent as to enable one to dispense entirely with tracing-paper. On exposure to air, or, better, a gentle heat, the liquid is entirely dissipated, the paper recovers its opacity, and the original design is found to be quite uninjured.

Alexis St. Martin, whose side was shot away in 1822, in such a manner as to expose the action of the digestive organs to the surgeon's eye, is still alive and well in Cavendish, Vt. Few men have done more than he for the advancement of science, and no one probably ever did so much involuntarily.

The trigonometrical survey of England and Wales, on the scale of one inch to a mile, has been completed recently. It was commenced in the year 1791.

Miscellany.

Navigation along the Coast of Siberia.

A GEOGRAPHICAL discovery, which may yet exercise a great influence over the commercial relations between Central Asia, China, and Europe, has recently been made by divers parties, under the following circumstances: A Russian merchant named Sidorow, possessing extensive tracts of land along the banks of the upper Obi and the upper Yenisei, was anxious to secure a ready market for his grain and cereals. Thinking that the sea might be open during a part of the year between the mouths of those rivers and the North Sea, he got a small steamer constructed, specially for the purpose of testing the practicability of this route. Having laden the steamer with his produce, he sailed through the Sea of Kara, and then directed his course in a straight line to Cape North, situated in Norwegian Finmark, which he safely reached after a rapid and pleasant voyage. A small Norwegian steamer named Solid, in the course of the year just elapsed, sailed as far as the Sea of Kara in quest of new fisheries. She went through the Strait of Waigatz, and along the coast of Siberia as far as the neighborhood of White Island, without perceiving the slightest traces of ice. Captain Carlsson, commanding her, was constantly in sight of the land, which he characterizes as an immense series of low-lying steppes of great extent, covered only with brushwood and trees of stunted growth. Near the

shores he found a uniform depth of water from twenty-four to thirty-six feet, and a stiff, muddy bottom, walrus and large seals being everywhere abundant. The English ship Samson, owned and commanded by Captain Palliser, followed the same route as the preceding; after having entered the Strait of Kara, however, Captain Palliser turned northward, coasted around Nova Zembla, doubling it, and entered the Sea of Kara again by the Strait of Matoschkin, ice being nowhere visible. The Scotch steamer Diana, commanded and owned by M. Lamont, likewise doubled Nova Zembla, having sailed a few degrees to the northeast of its most northern extremity, and reported an open sea in all directions. The *savant* M. Nordenskjold, who last year commanded a Swedish expedition which penetrated as far as eighty-one degrees north latitude, and who is again preparing to make a fresh start next spring, calculates that the sea will be open regularly every year, from the end of January to the middle of September, along the whole Siberian coast, and around the shores of Nova Zembla. In the event of this estimation proving to be correct, the result of this important geographical discovery will be the creation and rapid development of a great trade in minerals and cereals between Siberia and Western Europe, which are at present locked up uselessly for want of sufficient means of transportation.

Gold and Coal in Lapland

It is now demonstrated that Lapland contains rich deposits of gold and coal, and is on the eve of undergoing a complete transformation. The Alten, the Tana and its tributaries on Norwegian territory, and the Ivalojoek and Waskojoek on Finnish territory, roll down large quantities of gold, in minute particles, in their course to the sea. The particles are found much larger, increasing sometimes to the size of nuggets, in proportion as the rivers are traced to their sources, which are situated in the mountain-ranges, forming the frontiers of Russia, Sweden, and Norway. Exploring parties found it extremely difficult to carry on operations throughout those boundless wastes, but nevertheless succeeded in obtaining the following remarkable results: In Norway last year, an old New-Zealand digger, sent by a company from Trondhjem, having diverted a small rivulet from its course (a tributary of the Bantajoek which falls into the Tana), dug two or three holes in the bed of the rivulet, to the depth of six feet, on the sides of which he found numerous grains of gold. In Finland, a functionary of Helsingfors Mint was commissioned in 1868 to organize and head an exploring party. While ascending from Muonio to the Tana, this expedition discovered particles of gold in several of the Norwegian water-courses; the bed of Toal-ojoek appeared to the leader to be the richest. Last year, two sailors, having once been miners in California, and having received permission to explore this river on their own account, were remarkably fortunate in their searchings, having found gold-dust and small nuggets to the amount of one thousand dollars. This year, exploring parties will be formed, to continue the search on the Norwegian side of the boundary-line. As auriferous reefs are expected to be discovered in the mountains referred to, a law passed last June reserves to the state the right of working mines, or granting licenses to diggers; we may add, in justification of this act, that the state is almost the sole owner of the soil of Lapland.

Legal Penalties of Misappropriations.

"Corruption in office," says the *Albany Law Journal*, "as well as an ignorant performance of duties, sometimes results in far greater injury than the loss of character which necessarily happens to the guilty officer. We wonder if members of boards of supervisors of counties, and of common councils of cities, ever had the idea occur to them that the misappropriation by them of a single dollar invalidates the whole assessment, which includes the misappropriated dollar. Yet such is the law as held in numerous decisions. As a necessary result, every tax-title is void which is based upon such invalid assessment. Generally, by statute, the *onus probandi* is upon a party attacking a tax-title to show the facts which constitute the illegality. But persons who have taken pains to look behind the scenes know that in nearly every tax levied there is the taint which corrupts the whole if the requisite testimony could be found to reveal the truth. It seems to have become a general custom with county boards in secret session to vote themselves extra compensation, and, to secure success in their operations, they add an appropriation to the county treasurer, and the only record of their misdeeds is a 'contingent account,' the items of which are never exposed to the public. In one county in this State we are informed that there has been a wholesale indictment of the members of the board of supervisors for taking extra compensation. The surest remedy, however, and one which will be apt to astound speculators in land sold for the non-payment of taxes, will be the exposure of the wrong in an action testing the right of a collector to collect the tax, or in resistance to the claimant under a tax-sale."

A Novelist's Revenge.

The London *Athenaeum* tells the following story: "Mr. Brown, let us call him, the proprietor of, shall we say, *The Kitchen Sinner*, was

dissatisfied with his novelist, Mr. Jones, and told him so. Jones was then half-way through a romance which appeared in weekly dribblets; but Brown gave him notice to quit at once, and added that he had engaged Mr. Robinson to go on with and complete the story. Jones accepted the warning, but remarked that, as he had sufficient manuscript copy to supply the chapters for the next number, they had better be 'set up,' after which Mr. Robinson might take up the thread of the story, and get to the end of it. Brown consented, and went down to his 'suburban retreat,' whither was forwarded to him the next number of the *Stunner*, with Jones's chapters, from which Robinson was to continue the narrative. If Brown possessed true critical faculty, he must have admired the inventive power of his old hired writer, and have doubted whether Robinson would be equal to the present emergency. In short, Jones, having collected every living personage and animal he had named in the novel, put them all on board a ship bound for America, and sent the whole of them, ship, freight, and passengers, down to the very bottom of the Atlantic, never to be brought up again. The words 'To be continued,' at the close of the chapter, formed a challenge to the ingenuity of Robinson, which he was too ill qualified to accept, and accordingly the story remains somewhere unfinished, and as forgotten as the author who stopped and the writer who could not set it going again."

Workmen in France.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says: "In France, among mechanics in wood especially, away from the great centres of trade, one finds men working with the rudest tools upon the roughest wood, and consequently turning out such crude work as would never be put into a house in this country, certainly not north of Mason-and-Dixon's line. In a town of France, containing a population of fifteen thousand, I often visited joiners' shops where all mortising was done with the hand-chisel and a mallet of ancient model; all sharpening of tools was done on a large, flat stone by hand-rubbing; all sawing by frame-saws, similar to those we use for sawing firewood; wages were about three francs, or about sixty cents a day in gold; the amount of work done—the time for labor (ten hours)—being seriously cut up by several meals and much drinking and smoking, seemed to be very small, and very poor in quality. When I told one of the most intelligent workmen that our house-joiners earned about fifteen francs a day, he wanted to pack up at once, and asked if I could not pay his way to America, taking a lien on his chest of tools and on his labor for one year. He did not seem to be flattered when I told him that, with his bad tools and worse habits, the security would be valueless, and that, if landed in America, without any lien on tools or labor, he would come to want in a few weeks. Yet it is literally true that this first-class French joiner, with his tools, could not get a meagre living here until he should get into better training and could use our tools."

An Old Lady's Fear of a New Deluge.

An old lady living at Atlas, in the parish of Creich, in the north of Scotland, has had her faith in Scripture sorely tried by recent heavy rains. Notwithstanding the Biblical promise that the world should not again be destroyed by water, she came to the conclusion that a second deluge was imminent. Gathering together a few much-prized relics of her earlier years, with some clothing and bedding, she committed them and herself to a large meal-girnal, in which she hoped to float till the water should subside. What an old lady of seventy could do alone in the world after a universal deluge she does not appear to have considered. Having crept into the girnal, she remained there two nights and a day. At the end of that time, her brother came to seek for her, and, after searching through the house in vain, he heard a voice emanating from the girnal. His sister was praying in the following words: "O Lord, Thou didst promise never again to destroy the world with a flood; but I doubt it, I doubt it!" It is curious that she never doubted the fact of the promise, but only the intention or power of fulfilling it. She was at length persuaded to return to the faith of her youth, and leave her hiding-place. The incident reminds one strongly of Chaucer's "Miller's Tale," in which the carpenter was persuaded that there was going to be a second deluge, and provided for his safety somewhat in the way devised by the old Scotch lady.

Life in Paris.

The Paris correspondent of a London paper says: "Life in Paris is becoming fearfully insecure. Hardly a night passes without a score of persons being knocked on the head and robbed of all they possess. The worst part of the affair is, that the thieves generally manage to escape. Even in the most frequented thoroughfares nocturnal attacks are made as early as nine o'clock. The public are crying out bitterly against the police, and one of the suburbs has gone to the expense of having four extra watchmen. A friend of mine was attacked, half killed, and robbed, on the Place de la Concorde, last night; and I hear that a man was found dead in the Boulevards at daybreak this morning, with his pockets inside out, and his skull smashed in. A lady, passing through

the Place du Carrousel, in front of the Tuileries, was attacked by a couple of roughs two nights ago, and lost her velvet *manteau* before the police came to her assistance. These are only isolated cases, which happen to ooze out; for the French police-system renders it impossible to get at the whole truth."

An Ancient Club.

In the time of Philip of Macedon, nearly four centuries before Christ, there was a club at Athens, called "The Sixty," who met once a week in the Temple of Hercules. The members were famous for their wit, and every good thing they said was entered on a scroll. This must have a little impeded the flow of soul; for, when a capital jest had been made, there were, of course, a dozen members ready with as many repartees and rejoinders, but they were obliged to restrain their impatience till the original joke had been entered, duly accredited, in the club-ledger. This early jest-book became famous. King Philip, and lesser men than he, borrowed it whenever they were in need of being enlivened. One result was, that the stories and sayings it contained became so well known throughout Greece, that the public grew weary of them, and the words, "An old Sixty!" conveyed just the same rebuke which is now implied under the phrase, "An old Joe."

The Museum.

IT may be safely asserted that all naturalists are now satisfied of the animal nature of sponges, although representing the lowest and most obscure grade of animal existence, and that so close to the confines of the vegetable world that it is difficult in some species to determine whether they are on the one side or the other. "Several of them, however," says Mr. Gosse, "if viewed with a lens under water, while in a living state, display vigorous currents constantly pouring forth from certain orifices; and we necessarily infer that the water thus ejected must be constantly taken in through some other channel. On tearing the mass open we see that the whole substance is perforated in all directions by irregular canals, leading into each other, of which some are slender, and communicate with the surface by minute but numerous pores, and others are wide, and open by ample orifices; through the former the water is admitted, through the latter it is ejected." It is not to be denied, however, that these beings constitute, in spite of investigations of modern naturalists, a group still somewhat problematical, and still very imperfectly known as regards their internal organization.

Sponges are masses of light elastic tissue, which is, at the same time, resistant, full of air-cells, and with much varied exterior arrangements. Nearly three hundred species are known, the different appearances of which have been characterized by names more or less singular. There is, for instance, the feather-sponge, the fan-sponge, the bell, the lyre, the trumpet, the distaff, the peacock-tail, and Neptune's glove. There are river-sponges and sea-sponges. The first are irregular and arenaceous masses, which pile themselves upon plants and solid bodies immersed in fresh water. The second is found in almost every sea; especially in the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Mexican Gulf. Affecting warm and quiet waters, they attach themselves to bold and rugged rocks, at depths ranging from five to twenty-five fathoms. They are erect, pendent, or spreading, according to their form or position. Our illustration, drawn from nature, represents a very remarkable form of sponge, which was fished up in sixty fathoms.

The sponge is very common in the Mediterranean, and round the Grecian Archipelago, and is known vulgarly under the name of the marine mushroom, the sailor's nest, and the fine, soft sponge of Syria. It is a mass more or less rounded, covered with a mucous bed, glutinous above, formed of a light elastic but resisting tissue, full of gaps, and riddled with air-cells. This tissue is formed of delicate flexible fibres, uniting in all directions by anastomose, but presenting numerous pores, which are formed by what is termed osculation, having irregular *conduits* which connect them. In this tissue certain very small solid bodies are discovered, named *spicula*. The *spicula* are siliceous or calcareous in their nature, varying according to the species, and sometimes varying even in the same species. Some of these resemble needles, others are pin-like, and others again resemble very small stars.

The physiological function of those tubes and orifices which present themselves on all parts of the sponge, has been interpreted in various ways. Ellis, writing in 1765, supposes that they were the orifices of the cells occupied by the polypi. In 1816, Lamarck still advocated this opinion; and even now we find the observer, whose notes M. Frédel has edited with so much judgment, asserting that "the inhabitants of the sponge are a species of fleeting, transparent, gelatinous tube, susceptible of extension and contraction; young polypes, as we may call them, without consistence, without gills; incipient polypes, in short, of very simple but sufficient organization. The animal-cule of the sponge is a stomach, without arms, very simple, very elementary—in short, an animal all stomach!" This mode of considering

the sponge is not conformable to the views of the leaders of modern science, however. Mr. Milne Edwards, for instance, in place of seeing in the sponge a collection of united beings, forming, as it were, a colony, considers each to be an isolated being, a unique individual. The innumerable canals by which the sponge is traversed, according to that author, are at once the digestive organs and breathing-pores of the zoophyte. The vibratile cilia are necessary to the renewed aëration of the water required as a respiratory fluid in the interior canals of the sponge. The currents in these channels have one constant direction. The water penetrates the sponge by numerous orifices of minute dimensions and irregular disposition; it traverses channels in the body of the zoophyte, which reunite somewhat like the root of a plant, in order to constitute the trunk and increase its substance; finally, the water makes its escape by special openings. According to this view, the channels of the sponge have a kind of cumulative physiology, performing the two functions of digestion and respiration. The rapid currents of aërated water which traverse them lead into them the substances



Sponge, half the Natural Size, attached to its Rocky Bed.

necessary to the nourishment of these strange creatures, rejecting all excrementary matter. At the same time, the walls of these canals present a large absorbing surface, which separates the oxygen with which the water is charged, and disengages the carbonic acid which results from respiration.

Sponges contain true eggs, from which embryo animalcules are produced; these are non-ciliate at first. In the interior of these eggs the contractile cells have their birth; then the spicule; and when they are finally covered with the vibratile cilia, aided by them these larvæ of ovoid form swim, or rather glide, through the water. The species of infusoria born of the sponge resemble the larvæ of various polypes at the moment they issue from the egg. "They soon attach themselves to some foreign body," says Mr. Milne Edwards, "and become henceforth immovable; no longer giving signs either of sensibility or of contractibility, while in their enlargement they are completely transformed. The gelatinous substance of their bodies is channelled and riddled with holes—the fibrous framework is completed—the sponge is formed."

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